THE SECOND *WASH*: OR The *Moore* Scour'd once *more*,

Being

A Charitable *Cure* for the *Diſtractions* of *Alazonomaſtix*.

By *Eugenius Philalether*,

Loripedem rectus derideat, ÆTHIOPEM Albus.

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To the Reader.

When I looke Reader *on my preſent* Deſign, *I think it an Abſurditie like that of* Homer: *Whoſe* Battail *of* Frogs *and* Mice *had the very ame* Pen *with his* Iliads. Some ſuch eſcent *I hold it, to* conteſt *with a* ophiſter, *after a* Poſitive deliverie *of* ligh Truths. *The* performance *indeed* contemptible, *becauſe my* Adverſary ſo: *for who admires* Domitian *for* Butcherie *of* Flyes? *But I have nſider'd that in* great Undertakings

there are some Circumstances *which* answer *not to the* Action *it* self; *and if we look upon the* Inventions *of* Art, *there is a* Trap *for a Mouse, as well as a* Grate for a Lion. *I have resolv'd then to* fit *my* Discourse to the Person, *like the* Satyr *to the* Vice: *for* mad men *have no* cure *but their* Correction. *If I am* bitter *in this* Dispute, *it is more a* Pill *than a* Passion; *and when you know the* Disease, *you will commend the* Physic. *My* Adversary *pretends to a* Deiforme, Universalized spirit, *he incounters me with* Supernaturall Revelations, *and I am come to the old Question,* Is *Saul* also amongst the Prophets? *The* Pattern *of his* Divinitie *was taken from* Munster: *for I find him in the same* Equipage *with* Knipperdoling, *he* mounts *upon the* Shoulders *of* Men, *and there* breaths *out his* Metaphysic Calentures. *This Reader, is not my* Jest, *but his* Sobrietie: *I will give you his* own words, *for he speaks like a* Prophet,

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phet, *and the* Son *of a* Prophet.

Wherefore (*ſaith he*) with my Feet lightly ſtanding on the ſhoulders of all the Sects of the Earth, and with my head ſtooping down out of the Clouds, I will venture to try the World with this ſober Queſtion. Tell me, O all ye Nations, People, and Kindreds of the Earth, what is the reaſon that the world is ſuch a ſtage of miſerie to the ſons of men? Is it not from hence, that that which ſhould be their great guidance, their Religion, and higheſt light of their minds, is but heat and ſquabbling about ſubtil uncertaine points, and fooliſh affectation of high myſteries, while the uncontroverted ſober Truths of vertue and pietie are neglected, and the ſimplicitie of the life of God deſpiſed, as a moſt contemptible thing? Pag. 195

And I had no ſooner uttered theſe words in my mind, but me thought I heard an Anſwer from all the quarters

of the Earth, from East, West, North and South, like the noise of many waters, or the voice of Thunder, saying, Amen. Hallelujah. This is true.

You will tell me perhaps, this is but a Rattle *of* Seraphicall Tropes, *and a* mysterie *of* Metaphors. *Verily I thought so my self at first, but* Harry Moore *tels us in the very same page,* it is no vaine Enthusiasm, *and he proves it by the* Effects *it produc'd.* For my Head (*saith he*) was so filled with the Noise, that it felt to me as bound and straitned, as being not able to containe it, and coldnesse and trembling seised upon my Flesh. *You are gone Readers, you are gone: These are right Propheticall passions,* Ezekiel *and* Daniel *had not more formall* Ecstasies. *But in good earnest* Gentlemen, *what think you of this* Spirituall Ague, *this* Trembling *he was troubl'd withall? Indeed this* Age *affords a* Sect *so* qualified, *and I believe he is* one *of the* Shakers.

Ibid. pag. 200.

But

But this vizard *will off: The* Blaſphemies *he* breaths, *tell us what* ſpirit *hath* poſſeſt *him. He makes his abuſive ſcandalous* Verſe *as* laſting *as the* living word *of* God: *for having ſtudied a hobling lying* Tetraſtich, *which he* refers *to* Philalethes, *he cryes out to the* men of Epheſus (*who they are, I know not*) *that* they ſhould reare him a Trophey, *and* inſcribe *his* Tetraſtich *thereupon. But it ſeems he was jealous of their* Performance, *and therefore fals to work with his* men of Epheſus *in theſe words.*

But that I may conceale nothing from you, O men of Epheſus, I muſt tell you that whether you reare up this monument, or whether you forbeare, all is one. For the truth of theſe verſes is already written in the Corner-ſtones of the Univerſe, and engraven on the laſting pillars of Eternitie. Heaven and Earth may paſſe away, but not one Tittle of this truth ſhall Pag. 190.

paſſe away. *What horrible, intolerable* Blaſphemie *is this? Our* Saviour *ſpeaks not in this* Text *of the* dead Letter, *which is but* Inke *and* Papyr, *for without doubt that* word *cannot outlaſt* Heaven *and* Earth, *unleſſe we fanſie a* Library *in the* new Jeruſalem, *and a* Tranſlation *of ſome* Geneva Bibles *into thoſe eternall* Archives. *He ſpeaks here of the* Subſtantiall ſpirituall word, *which he mentions* elſewhere *expreſly*, Man lives not by Bread alone, but by every word which proceeds out of the mouth of God. *It is a ſad* Impietie, *that this* Barbarous Scribler *ſhould drivell out foure rotten* Verſes, *and then tell us, they are* Coæternall *with the* word *of* God. *Theſe paſſages* Reader, *I have* cited, *to give thee an* Expreſſe *of the* Man *and his* qualities, *and now I refer it to thy* Judgement, *if he* deſerves *not a ſharp* Reproof. *It may be a* Corroſive *well* applyed *may make him* ſenſible *of his*

Blaſphemies

Blaſphemies, *and force him to a juſt* Reverence *of* God *and* Nature. *But I have done with him, and now* Reader *I ſhall deſire thee to* favour *the* Errors *of the* Preſſe: *I have* prefix'd *them all to the* Book, *and if thou art* one *of* thoſe, *who would* underſtand *their* Authors, *be pleas'd to doe me the* Juſtice, *and thy ſelf the* Service *to* correct *them. I could wiſh the* Copies *were* perfect, *but the* Nativitie *of* Books *is like that of* Children: *they* Liſp *both at* firſt, *though their* Parents *ſpeak never ſo* well. *This is the only* Fault *I know of, and I ſubmit it to thy* Pen, *be pleas'd to* pardon *it, and* farewell.

E. P.

To the most Excellent Philosopher *Eugenius Philalethes*,

Upon the *frenzies* of *Harry Moore*, the *Ballad-monger*.

HOw! Is the *Bedlam* our? and to be seen
Chain'd in the *Stanza's* of *Mun Spencers* Queen?
Is *Moore* amongst the *fairies*? Comes he now
With *Revelations* from the *Lunar bow*?
Faith! *Mab*, look to't: If you admit the *Mouse*,
Your *Court* had need turn a *Correction-house*;
'Tis a *distracted vermin*, and runs on
As if he would *depose* your *Oberon*,
Engrosse the *Chrystall-Castle* to himself
And wear by *right* the style of *Sov'raign Elf*.

Poor

Poor *progresse* yours! An *Orchard* and a *Dairie*
Were the known *haunts* of the most *Errant fairie*,
But *Moore* Commands *three worlds*, Is *Brother* to
The *Sun* and *Moon*, hath the *Moguls* below
His *Tributaries*, and is held the *man*
Whose style out-goes the *Sons of Ottoman*.
He like those *Gyants* which in *Shinar* built
Can *scale* the skyes, and from the *Center* tilt
Himself into the *Clouds*, where he will lye
As *Ixion* did, a *Perdue* and a *Spye*;
So *quick* and *close* too, that in this *Repayr*
He (like the *devill*) doth seeme *Prince of th' Ayr*.
Nor sets this *frolick* in a *Cloud*, for he
(To shew more *knacks* to *dull humanitie*)
Descends againe, and through those *Cloudie portals*
Steals (like the *night-mare*) to ride *weary mortals*;
He *Treads* their *Shou'ders*, *questions*, *answers* too,
And with the worlds *foure Quarters* hath *to doe*,
Both *East* and *West*, the farthest *North* and *South*
Make *ioint Replyes* to his *Allmighty mouth*;
With *Acclamations* (too) ne'r us'd to men,
As *Hallelujah*, *It is soe*, *Amen*!
And yet he's no *Enthusiast*, nor *ally'd*
To *Independie*, but *Scotified*,
For though he makes some *Iourneys* to the *skyes*,
Yet he was ne'r Caught up to *Paradise*,

He

He is no *Saint* ſure, but a *zealous Moore*
Whoſe *conſcience* cals his *Mother-Church* a *whore*.
Though in *goodſadneſſe* he hath *wondrous firks*,
And may well *poſe* the *Scotch* and *Engliſh Kirks*.
Why, *Knipperdoling*, ſearch him o'r and o'r,
Ne'r fancied *groſſer lyes*, nor vented *more*.
Thou *volant* Gooſe, *Cuz* to *Domingo's traine*,
A *Metaphyſick'd Ganſa*, whoſe lewd braine
Out-lyes old *Lucian*, and like ſome *flown Gaſſer*
Tell'ſt *tales* more *monſtrous* than doth *Leo Aſer*;
Doeſt think the *world*, (when they theſe *whimzies* ſee)
Will ought admire but a *mad head* in thee?
Or that thy *Quill* ſhall make thee *Platoniſt*
Becauſe that *Star* thou fancyeſt is a *Miſt*?
Baſe, frontleſſe *foole!* who for the *active day*
And *Inlarg'd Light* miſtak'ſt the *Moons* dull Ray,
And like ſome *bird* of *night*, 'cauſe thine Eyes *faile*
Doeſt adore *Shadows*, and at *Sun-beams* raile.
But aread, *Erra Pater* will ſubmit
To all the *Placets* of thy *Sodomit*?
Art thou his *Hackney-Pathick*? wilt allow
The *luſts* of his rank *wit*, and *body* too?
Or muſt none underſtand what *Plato* did
But *Moore*, and *Aſter* his *white Ganimed*?
Muſt that *delicious ſpirit* be confin'd
As to his *Body*, ſo unto thy *Mind*?

Speak

Speak man, art *singular*? or art thou *mad*?
Muſt we, to make thee *good*, be all judg'd *bad*?
Muſt *white* and *red* for approbation ſue
Becauſe the *late-found world* is *black* and *blew*?
Prithee declare! let's have thy *reaſon* writ
That future *Readers* may owe thee their *wit*,
And ſay thou, like the *Saints*, that before thee
None ever into *Plato's* mind could ſee!
Had the *grave Reader* of the *Fairy Queen*
The *Squire* thy *Father* this thy *madneſſe* ſeen,
(Who, while his *Eve* did hold the *candle*, read
Spencers provocative, and ſo to *Bed*)
He would have *ſaid*, and *ſworn* it by *himſelf*
Thoſe *winter Lectures* had produc'd an *Elf*.
But th' haſt a *Cure* for all, ſince thou haſt drawn
Over thy *Negro's* looks a borrow'd *lawn*, (fleece,
Th' haſt *cloath'd* the *ſcab'd ſheep* in the *Lambkins*
Making thy *Punie* patron to the *peece*;
Sure I commend ſhee, 'twas a *prudent care*
To truſt thy *Pupill* only with thy *ware*,
A Severe *Tutour* thou durſt not ordain
The *Cenſurer* of thy *groſſe*, *Mooriſh brain*,
For he (no doubt) had *whipt* thee for *abſurd*,
And on thy *Second laſh* beſtow'd a *third*.
And thou his *riming foole* whoſe *one halfe* lurks
In *Philo-Maſtix*, and *Pimps* to his works,

Thou

Thou *Crutch* in *Meeter*, a meere *Knack* to begg,
Like *good your worſhip*, on a *wooden* Leg,
Pull down thy *Clout*, the *Age* is grown too warie
To be *catch'd* with, *Here's a good Ordinary.*
But thou (admir'd *Eugenius*,) whoſe *great parts*
Shine above *Envy*, and the *Common Arts*,
Thou *kin* to *Angels*, and *ſuperiour lights*,
A *ſparke* of the *firſt fire*! whoſe *Eagle-flights*
Trade not with *Earth*, and *groſsnes*, but do'ſt paſſe
To the *pure heav'ns*, and mak'ſt thy *God* thy *glaſſe*,
In whom thou ſeeſt all *forms*, and ſo doeſt give
Theſe *Rare diſcov'ries*, how *things* move and live,
Proceed to make thy *great deſign* Complete,
And let not this *loath'd Moore* our *hopes* deſeate;
Shake off the Eclypſe, this dark *Intruding veyle*
Which would *force* night upon us, and *Intayle*
The ſame *gorſſe Ignorance*, in whoſe *ſhades* he
Hath *loſt* himſelfe, on *our poſteritie*.
Down all you *ſtale Impoſtures*! *Caſtles* rear'd
In th' aire, and guarded by thy *rev'rend beard*,
Brat of *Nichomachus!* I will no more
Bow to thy *hoarie handfull*, nor adore
Thy *Tyrant-text*; but by this *dawning light*
Which *ſtreams* upon me through thy *three-pil'd night*
Paſſe to the *Eaſt* of *truth*, 'till I may ſee
Mans *firſt*, *faire ſtate*; when *ſage Simplititie*,

The *Dove* and *Serpent*, *Innocent* and *wise*
Dwell in his *breſt*, and he in *Paradiſe*.
There from the *tree of knowledge his beſt boughes*
I'le pluck a *garland* for *Eugenius* browes,
Which to ſucceeding times *fame* ſhall bequeath
With this moſt *juſt* Applauſe, *Great Vaughan's wreath*

H. M. *Oxon.*

On the Authors Vindication and Replie to the *Blaſphemie*, and *Enthuſiaſticall Frenzie* of the Diſtracted *Alazonomaſtix*.

HAil great *Eugenius*! look what force you had
To wind and *turn* your *Adverſary mad*.
Faith! Ile *Petition* for him: will you be
But *merciſull*, and cure his *Lethargie*?
He hath *forgot* his *Name*, and bids us call
Him the *grand Signor*, *Emperour* of all.
O fine King *Harry*! who with *frantic Blaſts*
Both *God* and *Nature* in one Breath *o're-caſts*.
Arius, *Sabellius*, All that ever *writ*
Come ſhort of *thee* for a *Blaſphemous Wit*.
Thy *breath* diſperſeth *Clouds* & the vaſt *Maine*
By the ſame *breath* is *checkt*, and *ſtill'd* againe.
If thou canſt *curb* the *Sea* in it's *proud Fome*,
Why did'ſt not *ſtop* the late *Invaſion* (*Others*
On *Yarmouth Roads*? and ſomething done for
Of *Amſterdam*, and *ſave* thy *Holy Brothers*?
Madneſſe alone makes Thee a *wondrous Elf*,
Thy *Miracles* work not *beyond* thy *ſelf*.

Such

When rare *Eugenius* routed thy *first lines*
He added to his *Truth*, and thy *black Crimes*
Basilico: *Italian powder* strong,
Which *drove* thee into *Furie* all along.
Thou taking thence the *Sent*, it quickly *bred*
A Nest of *Scorpions* in thy *putrid Head*.
Thy good *Philosopher*, and *Poet* rare,
Whose *learning* lies not in his *Head*, but *Hair*
Will *Clevelana's* fansies ever scan and rhyme,
Bold *Beggar* he, to come the *Second time*!
Look to your *Ballads* both, review and scan
Your *Cantings*, your *gray Goose* is not a *Swan*
Indeed I never knew that *noise* of *words*
Us'd by us *mortals*, which thy *Book* affords,
Such lowd obstrep'rous *Cadences*, and *knocks*
As if thy *tongue* (like *Nilus*) ran on rocks.
Desist *fond thing*! now we have known thy *Art*
All thou hast *acted*, is the *mad mans* part.
But what hast *got* by this? the *world* doth see,
Eugenius learning, and thy *foolerie*.
The *weights* you put *upon* him, doe at best
Speak him but *Palm*, he cannot be *oppress*;
For against *vertue* there is no *Successe*,
You make him *more*, when you would ma[ke]
(him *less*

P.B. A.M. *Oxonien[sis]*

THE SECOND *WASH*.

IT is the advice of *Solomon*, and he is some-body in my *Library*, *Answer a foole according to his folly, lest he seeme wise in his owne conceit*, It may be the *Proverbs* are not in the *Canon* of *Granta*, it being her Interest to *tolerate Fooles* in favour of her *children*. However I believe my Author Orthodox, and on his Precept I build my liberty. He is a good Christian that acts by the *Text*; and because I

will not transgresse, thus I obey.

Bear back there you *sprats* of *Cham*, you *double faced frie*, *fish* and *flesh* of the Versity, *Mastix* and *Philomastix*!

——*Coram quem quæritis, adsum.* Roome for your betters you *shrimps*! you *shoale* of *drie shells*! I am for thee *Mastix*, once more, and may the wise forgive me this *footing* of a *crackt scull*! But *Knipperdoling* is barricado'd, there is a *Block* between us which I must kick out of my way. It is *Johannes Philomasticx*, a new *John* of *Leyden*, and peer to brother *Knip*. It is that ingenious young man *J. T.* or is it not *Jack Taylor* the Water-Poet? Alas *poor John*! I should condemn thee to a thin Lent, but thy Verse hath so much of *Famin*, it may not passe for a *fast* from *witt*. Thou hast indeed very strange proprieties. *thou canst sting with thy teeth*: Go thy waies for *Jack Straw*, thou hast not

ſubſtance enough for *Iack Block*, I am ſtept over thee already.

And now my dirty *Marrano*, I can diſcover a *ſcar-crow*, a ryming *Bug bight* and *ycleped Moore*. He is, Reader, a *meer ſhade*, a *Maſcara*, a thing ſo removed from learning, he is ſcarce *metaphor* to a Scholar. He hath indeed a certain *Patavinitie*, ſome rude Alluſions like *Macaronics* to Latine, but if we fit the Cenſure to his Diſcourſe, 'tis a compleat Body of *ſolæciſms*. To reply to his *Frolicks* as he calls them, were to *bray* to an *Aſſe*, like the Aldermen in *Cervantes*: it is a degree of Madneſſe to imitate one that is ſo, and I love not a *Bedlam* ſo well, as to make one for company. It is my intention to juſtifie the *Truth*, not my ſelfe, for the *Quarell* is not perſonall, it is *Natures* Intereſt more than *mine*. Where he pretends to *Reaſon*, there will I manifeſt his *diſtraction*: I will diſprove his *ſobrieties*

as so many *Remissions* of the *Fit*, and these also proceed from my *correction*, for he is chain'd in my *Principles*. If you take him in his owne *Liberrie*, he *madds* it all over, only this you shall observe that he *Ebbs* and *Flowes*, continues the same *Frenzie*, but in severall Degrees.

The first thing I meet withall, is a *Pistle* to his *Pupill*, and this I scorne to looke upon. It is a Confederacie like that of *Jugglers*, for he durst not direct his Scriblings, but to one that *truckl'd* under him. His next *Lamentation* is to the *Reader*, and here this Divine universalized *Knip*, doth charge me with *anchristian bitternesse*. To this *whine* I shall answer with a *Truth*, that I was more *just* than *bitter*. The language I bestowed on him in that *Reply*, was apposit and like himselfe: I did but hold the Glasse for him, and now having seen his scurvie face, he condemns his own *Physiognomy*.

Two

Two considerable Motives had I for that performance, *Provocation* and *Reason*. both which were wanting to his first *Libel*. That I have been *provoked* all the world knowes, and this too most *virulently*, and without any offence given. That I had *Reason* is apparent, for I spake no more than what I knew, and the *Trueth* is injurious to no man. My pen applied not to papyr, without a certain expresse knowledge of my *Adversary*, and this under his owne hand, for such as I found him in his *own discourse*, such have I also *render'd* him in *mine*. It will be objected perhaps that I have call'd him an *Owle*, a *Mouse*, a *Moore*: Termes that consist not with the Zeale of some precise cropt Professors. *By my truly* Gentlemen you are *scrupulous*, these are not such *Thorns*, but a very tender Conscience may rest on them without any *pricking*. If it be a fault to call him

a *mouse*, what a Transgressor is he, that made himselfe so? why did he *friske* about, and *nibble* at the Margins of my Booke? why did he *vomit* on my *innocent* and *snowie* Pages? or to speake in my first *Allusion* leave his μυοχόσια behind him, and then *run* into his *Hole*? I must confesse I had the use of this *Notion* from a *Christian*, but the Reason from a *Moore*, The glorious and reverend *Spalato* is my President, For, this learned *Father*, to wash off the dirt of *Leonardus Marius*, published a smart *Reply*, and with this apposit Title *Sorex primus*. It is the quality of that *Vermine* to gnaw the out-side of things, and the indeavours of this *Cambridge Scribler* being but so many *marginall scratches*, I could find nothing like him but a *mouse*. But there is a fault more in my *stock*, I have call'd him a *Moore*, and how shall I *wash* that *away*? I belive I need not tell you it

is

is his name, and if you take it in my *ſenſe* it is his *Nature*, for he is nothing *Candid*. As for the *Owle* I tell him of, had he been hatcht under a *Hen*, he could have been no other *Bird*, for he hath much of the *Species* in him: He avoids the Light ſo perfectly, as if he had newly caſt his *feathers*, and were a *man* only by *metempſychoſis*. But to give you a more ſerious account of theſe *Termes*, it is the *practice* of Chriſt himſelfe, and that I hope is not unchriſtian, to Character *men* by thoſe *things*, to which they *aſſimilate*. Thus hath he call'd *Herod* a *Fox*, and elſewhere he ſtiles *Judas* a *Devill*; falſe *paſtors* he calls *Wolves*, the Buyers and Sellers *Theeves*, and thoſe *Hebrew puritans*, the *Phariſees*, *Hypocrites*. This Rule and Juſtice of his Maſter, St. *Paul* hath well obſerved, and he *acts freely* thereby. For when he reproves the *Cretians*, he makes uſe of that ig-

nominious Proverb, *Evill beasts and slow bellies*. When the *High-priest* commanded the Jewes to *smite* him on the face, he replied to him, not without some bitternesse, *God shall smite thee thou white wall*. I cite not these places to justifie an *injurious spleene*, but to argue the *liberty* of the *Trueth*, for Christ and his Apostle did not attribute these Termes to the *just* but to the *unjust*, neither did I reprove my Adversary till I found him such as I describ'd him. But he hath *abus'd* a *man unknown*, and one that never offended him in the least imaginable circumstance; this is the *truth* Reader, and no other. But this *Knip*, this distracted *mulatto* complaines because I tell him of his *faults*, and assumes to himselfe a *Prerogative Royall* to offend without *correction*. You must know Sir, that if God (as you say) *hath constituted you Emperour of the World*, he hath made me a *Prince*

Elector

Elector: You must receive your *Title* at my *hands*, and purchase your *peace* with my *satisfaction*.

The next thing in this Pistle which calls for and deserves my answer, is a *malicious scandall* of his, that my present Philosophie is *pernicious to the Nature of Man, and Christianity it selfe*. I preethee *Mastix* wherein? Because I reject the Principles of the *Greeke Satan*, that vain babling as St. *Paul* stiles it, which is *after the Rudiments of this world, and not of God*? Have I not publickly profest that *I am one that stands up for a true Naturall Philosophie, built as Nature it selfe is, on Christ Jesus, who is the Foundation of all things Naturall, and supernaturall*? Is this a Doctrine that's *pernicious to Christianity*, thou *Beliall* thou *false accuser of the Truth*? As for pretences to *supernaturall Light*, and *intoxicating Imaginations*, they belong to thy owne *Block*, to that

See *An. Mag.*

that Head of thine, which was *bound up and streitned with Thunder*, and *the sound of many waters*. These pretences my friend, have made thee both Fanaticall and Impious: For having *derided* my laudable *Designe* of reconciling *Divinity* and *Philosophie*, and this by a Discovery of that *Union* or *Correlation* which is between God and Nature, thou doest rescue thy *spleene* with *Blasphemy*, and thy Last is worse than thy First. It is not *Harry Moore* that sins by laughing at the *Trueth*, it is *god that laughs in him*, for he is a *Deiform Universalized man*. Goe thy waies *Knip*, thou art more *Raunter* than *Precisian*, though in my Opinion thou maist passe for both. As for those *Sattin Eares* which thou doest not weare, they are not worth the cropping, and therefore not worth the answering: It is enough that thou hast *Leatherne Eares*, and such as fall

See his Replie Pag: 199. 200.

Pag e 16. at the end of his Pistle.

fall within the *Compaſſe* of the *Patent*.

This is all that is *conſiderable* in thoſe *purpoſes* and *principles*, which he acquaints his *Reader* withall. *Dirt* and *Dung* there is good *ſtore*, if I ſhould deſcend to *perſonall Abuſes*, but theſe being ſo many *flaws* and *Cracks* of his *Scull*, when he was *thunder-ſtruck* with *Amen* and *Hallelu-jah*, I cannot think them *worthy* of my *Vindication*. The next *Piſtle* is to *Eugenius Philalethes*, for we have *three Portals* to this *Mouſe-hole*, and here he tels me that *in the Court of Heaven, and according to the Doctrine of Chriſt Jeſus, I am no better than a Murtherer*. I have already *Maſtix* ſhewed you his *Doctrine* in his *practice*, but if you *ſummon* me to your *own Bar*, I will appeal from the *Jews* to *Caeſar*, and truſt my ſelf to the *Tribunal* of my *Saviour*. If I have *murther'd* thee,

where

where is thy *Evidence*? Doth thy *Carkasse* bleed at the *Nose*? or art thou so much a *Moore*, that thy *Bloud* is *Black*? I must confesse there is *Ink* in thy *Book*, I meane that *Pamphlet*, which in the *style* of *Cambridge* was *Printed by the Printers*. I tell thee O *Harry Moore*, I have not murther'd *Thee*, but *Thine*: Thy *Obliliquities* indeed I have layd the *Line* to, and indeavour'd to make a *Crooked* Thing *streight*. Now my friend, this is not *Murther*, but a *good work*: It is *Mortification*, and thou art beholding to me for it in *some Measure*.

The rest of thy *Letter Mastix*, is a Thing *insipidly abusive*, a blockish senseless *supposition*. Thou doest write to me as to *one* that is *asleep*, but look to it, the *Lion* is *guardant*; And now Sirrah *Qui va la*? stand, and take *Quarter* for *Life*: Thou art come within *Command*, and though thou art a *Poet* of her *Court*, the

Fayrie

Fayrie-Queen shall not *save* thee.

Though I know it an *Action* inferior to my *self*, to answer this ridiculous *scribler*, it being some *Desertion* of *sobrietie* to prosecute a *Bedlam*, yet I will doe him this *Honour* for the *Truths* sake, for I look not *whom* I *oppose*, but what I *defend*. The *Supernatural firks* and *Raptures* of his *Book* are evident *proofs* of his *Distraction*, and I doubt not but the *Boyes* will *hoote* at him, when they are once acquainted with his *Tricks*. He is *mad* indeed in a *perfect measure*, and wants nothing to his *Degree*, but a *Ballad* to *celebrate* his Commencement. I have no way to save my *Credit*, but to *call* out his *Intermissions*, and speak to him *where* the *Fit* least *troubles* him. This is the *course* I *propose* to my *self*, and *Readers* you that *know me*, think not that I am *mad*, because I deale with one that is *so*: I doe it for his *Cure*, not for

Imitation.

Imitation. From the *first page* of his *Book*, which by his *Computation* is the *Third*, to the very 57. he is in a *medley* of *Infirmities*. Sometimes he would excuse his *Incivilities* to me, with a faint *Extenuation* of his *first spleen*, but whiles he *blots* out the *old Libel*, he makes up, and scribles the *New*. Sometimes hee *forgets* me againe, nor doth he only leave *me*, but *poor Man* in generall; He is *hoys'd* above us with a suddain Metaphysicall *Pulley*, and rapt up to a wild *universalization* of *Spirit*. At this *Height* I thought I had *lost* him, for I never exepected his *Returne*: But my *Stentor* opens unexpectedly, nor speaks he from *Earth*, Gentlemen, but from *Heaven*, and in a *style* like that of *Ottoman*.

Behold! I leap down as from the To of some white rockie Cloud, upo the grassie spot where my Philale thes *stands.*

Tho

Thou art welcome *Moore* to this *narrow Region*, and truly thou ſpeakeſt like a *Gyant*, a *Porter* of ſome *Inchanted Caſtle*, that would rout a *Knight Errant* with *ſyllables*. I have for my part neither *Morglay* nor *Arundel*, but I'le make thee wiſh thy ſelf in the *Clouds* againe, or that thou hadſt brought *Thunder* in thy hands to *ſecond* Thee. It will be ſaid perhaps that this is *deſperat*, but Reader if I may ſpeak unto Thee (for happily thou wilt not heare me, now that I am in *danger*) we are like to have a *faire Game* of it. This *tall thing* is already ſhrunk to a *Mouſe*, and hee that made ſuch a *ſpot* of the *Earth*, will be *committed* to a *Trap*. Strange *Alterations* indeed! but of ſuch *miracles* Gentlemen be *confident*. They are not altogether *impoſſible*, doe but *read* on, and I will give you *Evidence*.

Pag. 57. Line 2.

I *Say the force and warrant both* [illegible] *Nouns and Verbs is from the* [illegible] *use*, &c. O yez! Master *Bast* of *E*[illegible] *tor*, come to the *Bar*, and answe[illegible] Did you teach *Harry Moore* this *Le*[illegible] *son*, or hath the *Dunce* forgot wh[illegible] you *taught* him, and deserves yo[illegible] *second Lash*: why *Harry*, the natura[illegible] *force* or *signification* of words is th[illegible] which renders them *fit* for *use*, a[illegible] if we *use* them contrary to that *force* we shall speak *Bulls*, as thou hast do[illegible] in thy *Observations*. I will give th[illegible] an Instance: Thou doest aske me [illegible] I can *unbare* the substance of a *form*[illegible] Thy meaning is, if I can make it *b*[illegible] or *discover* it, but the *use* which th[illegible] hast made of this *Term*, being *co*[illegible] *trary* to its naturall *Energie* or *sign*[illegible] *fication*, hath made thee speak *No*[illegible] *sense*: for to *unbare*, if there be a[illegible] *su*[illegible]

ſuch word beyond thy *ſcriblings*, is to *cover*, not to *diſcover*. It is plaine then that the *uſe* of *Nouns* and *Verbs* depends on their *force*, and not their *force* on their *uſe*, and this is a *Truth* ſo *clear*, and *known* even to *Children*, that none but a *Maſter* of *Arts* of *Cambridge* could be *ignorant* of it. But you have another *Toole* to prove me no *Orator*. He that is an *Orator* in your opinion muſt *ſpeak*, but *Eugenius Philalethes* did only *write*. Hence it will follow that an *Oration* is *no Oration*, if it be *written*. It ſeems then *Cicero's* Orations are *not Orations* now, but they were ſo *ſometimes*, when they were delivered at the *Roſtra*. Truly my friend, if the *Flaps* of *Midas* were *ſtitch'd* to thy *Block*, they would *thrive* as by *Tranſplantation*: They would be much more an *Aſſe's Eares*, than ever they were *formerly*.

Pag. 57. *Line* 17.

THat's *true* Phil: *What Freſhman but knows that?* &c. Here Maſter *Maſtix* you tell me of the *firſt rudiments* of *Logic*, and that you muſt *rub up my memory*, but I ſhall *claw* your *Coxcomb* for it. *Accidentall* (ſay you) *is that which may be, or not be, in a Thing, and yet the Thing be.* This is true my *Marrano*: but had not the *Owl* I told thee of been *buſie* with thy *eyes*, thou might'ſt have found in *Logic* Accidents *inſeparable*, which are *ſequels* of their *ſpecies*. Now I aske thee if there be any ſuch *Accidents* in the *Soule*, and if they *bee*, what they *are?* Doe not avoid my *Propoſals* thou *Sneak*, and tell mee *thou wilt not anſwer them for my ſake.* But I paſſe on to thy Second Abſurdity. *Ariſtotle* ſay you, hath defin'd

the

the *Soule* from *Essentiall Faculties*, and therefore his *Definition* is *Essentiall*. A jugling, halting *Consequence*. The *Question* is, τί ἐστιν *Quid sit Anima?* I aske not what the Soule *doth*, but what the Soule *is?* But *Aristotle* though he hath *propos'd* and *præscrib'd* the Question *Quid sit*, as the maine *Fundamentall* of *Demonstrations*, answers not at all *to it* in his *Definition*: for he only tels me what *faculties* the Soule *hath*, not what *substance* the Soule *is*, and thus is he *short* of his own *Logic*. As for that *Heathen Greek* cited by thee, it proves him an *Asse*, and thy self *another*, for it is *contrary* to the *principles* of his ἀπόδειξις. I seek not his Autoritie *Mastix*, but his Reason, and this last I may not expect from *thee*, for thou doest call that Definition *Essentiall*, which is meerly *Circumstantiall*. Thou art indeed a blank blind *Buzzard*, thou canst not distinguish between

the *Operations* and the *Essence* of the *Soule.*

Page 59. *Line* 21.

THe *parts of the world according to the Peripatetics own Doctrine, are set in this order, they are from an inward principle of Motion,* &c. This *Mastix* is thy *Concession*, and verily in all *Generations* it is *true*, for the *Body* is *figur'd* and all the *parts* therof brought to their *Order* and *Symmetrie*, by a certaine *inward principle*, which *works* in the *Matter*, and is the *Cause* of *Alteration* and *Motion*. To this *Truth* you adde a *Lie*, namely that I should say, *that the parts of the world doe not move themselves*. Where have I sayd it *Mastix?* In what *Page*, *Line*, or *Language?* Nay what is thy *sense*, when thou doest say *The parts of the World doe not move themselves?*

ſelves? If thou doeſt mind the *paſſive informed parts*, I ſay they doe *not move themſelves*, for they are *moved* by their *Forme*: But if it bee thy meaning, that the *parts* of the *world* are not moved by an *inward principle*, this is it which I *never affirmed*. But my *fate* is not *ſingle*, I have *Company* enough: he makes bold with the *Peripatetics* as well as with *me*, and makes them *ſpeak*, what he thinks, *We ſee plainly* (ſaith he) *that according to the Ariſtoteleans, all to the very Concave of the Moon have an inward principle of Motion.* And is it ſo *Harry Moore?* what thinkſt thou of the *Flux* and *Reflux*, for the *Sea* is within the *Concave?* Doth this *proceed* from an *inward principle*, or is it *jogg'd* by Miſtris *Moon* and her *Man?* Queſtionleſſe the *Peripatetics* are not of thy *Opinion*. But this *fault* I muſt *forgive* him: he is grown very *courteous*, for he makes the *Ariſtoteleans*

ſtoteleans ſubſcribe to my *Argument*, and blame me for not concluding, *that they hold Infuſion of Life*. Come then you *Fathers* of the Sect, *Conimbricenſes* and *Complutenſes*, and all the *Schoolmen* that ever follow'd *Ariſtotle*! Doe you maintaine the *Animation* of the *world*? why no ſure, not any one of them. O thou ſenſeleſſe inſipid *Marrano*! Hang a *Sachell* to thy *neck*, and goe to *Schoole* againe with the *bearded Novices* of the *Antipodes*.

Page 65. Line 8.

NOw we are come to that rare *piece of Zoographie of thine*, &c. It is well indeed that thou knoweſt to *what* thou art come, but truſt me *Maſtix* it is an eaſy matter to *come on*, the Queſtion is, how thou wilt *come off*. Thy maine *Deſigne* in this Obſervation is to con-

futa

ſute my *ſimilitudes*, and the firſt *Analogie* thou wouldſt diſprove, is that of *Earth* and *Fleſh*. To effect this, thou doeſt forſake the *Earth*, where indeed thou ſhouldſt *dwell*, and fly up to the *Moon*, *Mercury*, and *Venus*. It is a *mad-mans* trick, and ſuch art *Thou*, to leave *Certainties* for *uncertainties*, to tell us of *Habitable Planets*, with a *Pluralitie* of *Worlds* and *Men*, and all this by *Divination* in a *Glaſſe*. Theſe are *Principles* inconſiſtent with *Scripture* and with the *Bloud* of *Chriſt Ieſus*, if we conſider either the *Cauſe*, or the *Extent* of his *Paſſion*. But becauſe thy *Madneſſe* in this *place* prætends to *Argument* and *Reaſon*, I will *honor* thee with a *Confutation*. *All the Planets* (ſayſt thou) *are as much fleſh as the Earth*, *that is*, *they are dark and opace as well as ſhe*. But *Maſtix*, doeſt thou make the *dark opacous parts* of any *Planet* to be *earth*? Believe me my friend thou art *Lu-*

natic, but no *Factor* of the *world* in the *Moon*, nor hast thou *read* those *tooting Scriblers*, who did first *trade* with those *parts*. They tell us in their Books that the *dark parts* are *Water*, and the Luminous *Earth*, for this *Element* being *solid*, reflects the *Sun-beams*, and is *guilded therewith*: but the *water* takes them in, without any *Repercussion* that is *sensible* to *us*, and hence it looks like *spots*, or the *Man* in the *Moon*, and he is a *Moore* by *Complexion*. Thy *Argument* then, if plac'd in that *order* which the *parts* of these Planets *require*, will bee a kind of *Cælestiall new sense*, and such as they perhaps in the *Cælestiall new World*. All the *Planets are as much flesh as the Earth*, *because they are dark and opace*, *that is because they are Water as well as the Earth*. Ha! ha! he! what a slut is mother *Cambridge*? Doth she take the *Sun* by the *Beard*, and give her *Children* so

little

little of his *Light?* Come *Knipperdoling*, I will make up thy Argument for thee, and when I have done, I will confute it. Thy mind is that there is *Earth* in all the *Planets*, and this indeed I doe freely *grunt* thee. It is a known *Tenet* of the *Magi*, *Terram esse in Cœlo, sed modo Cœlesti*, and againe *Cœlum esse in Terrâ, sed modo terrestri*. But the Thing to be proved *Mastix* is this; that the *Earth* is in *Heaven* in the very same *impure Complexion*, which it hath *here*: that it is also *prædominant* there, in a *fœculæ grossæ Body*, such as we find under our feet, for this is it, on which my *similitude* is *grounded*. And lest I should seem to maintaine this *Analogie*, with as *little reason* as thou doest *oppose* it, I will shew thee such a *Resemblance* between *these two*, as cannot be found between thy *Chalk* and thy *Cheese*. First of all then the *Earth* is the most *grosse* and *corpulent*

part

part of the *world*, and so is *Flesh* also of the *Body*. This *Element* with all is not *hard* like Stones and Metals, but it is of Complexion *soft*, and such *Mastix* is the *Flesh* of all particular *Animals*. Secondly, the *Vapours* or *Exudations* of the *great world* proceed from the *Earth*, as the *sweat* or *moysture* of living *Creatures* proceeds from their *flesh*, and *expires* at the *pores* thereof. Thirdly, the *Water* is *mixt* with the *Earth*, and *runs* thorough it in secret subterraneous *Chanels*: so is the *Bloud* mixt with the *flesh*, and *glides* along in severall *veins* and *Rivulets*. Fourthly and lastly, all *vegetables* as *Grasse* and the *like*, *grow* out of this *Element*, and have their *roots* therein: so the *Haire* both in Men and Beasts *grows* out of the *flesh*, and receives his very *Nourishment* from it. Thus stands my *similitude* firme and invincible: And now *Harry Moore* dig thee a *Hole* in this *Earth*, where

where thou mayst live like a *Mouse*, for thou art not *fit* to *see* the *face* of a *Man*.

Page 67. Line 6.

WHy? *for in it is the Pulse of the great world*, &c. I am now *Mastix*, come to the *Second Element*, and having first *immured* thee in the *Earth*, I will *drag* thee *out* againe, and *drown* thee in the *Water*. Thy first Argument to prove the *flux* and *Reflux* to be no *pulse*, is fetch'd from the *Moon*, and this is it. There is *Water*, *or a Sea as thou sayst, in that Planet, and this also must have a Pulse*. I take thee at thy word *Harry*, and thus I argue against Thee. If there be a *Sea* in the *Moon*, then its *flux* and *reflux* proceed from an *inward*, or from an *outward Principle*? If from an *inward principle*, then our Sublunary *Sea* must have an *inward principle* too,

too, and the *flux* it cannot proceed from the *Lunar influence*. Reason for it is this. It is *impossible* that the *Moon* being but *Earth* and *Water*, should have any *Dominion* over *Earth* and *Water*, for *inter pares non est potestas*: water cannot work upon water, nor earth upon earth, for they are passive materiall principles, and the one actuats not the other. Fall to your prayers *Knip*, for you are ready to be *turn'd over*. But come about once more *Mastix*; If you say that the *flux* and *reflux* proceed from an *outward principle*, then it is from the *Sun* or from some other *Planet*: If from the *Sun*, you grant my *principles*, for according to your own *Concession* it must be a perfect *Pulse*. If from some other *Planet*, that say I, cannot *bee*; for in your opinion they are all *dark* and *opacous*, so that they must bee *Earth* and *Water*, and by *consequence* can have no *Dominion*

over

over their *Equals*. Look thee now thou *Deiforme Thing*, thou haſt broke thy *neck* from a very *high place*, from the *Moon* thou *Moon-calf*! In thy *ſecond ſimplicity* I find thee upon *Earth*, but in a *halting poſture* like *Vulcan* after his *Fall*. Here thou doeſt aske me *if I know what I ſay, when I name that Monoſyllable pulſe?* I doe *Sirrah*! and in *lieu* of it I will give thee that Dyſſyllable *Repulſe*. The *flux* and *reflux* ſayſt thou, cannot be the *pulſe* of the *great world*, for there is *nothing in the world that anſwers to the Heart, and the Syſtole and Diaſtole thereof. Puſſe* take thee for a meer *Mouſe*! how doeſt thou alwaies *nibble* at the *Margin* of things? I tell thee the *Center* anſwers to the *Heart*, and to all the *Motions* thereof. This Center *Maſtix*, as one hath well obſerv'd, *Sendiv.* is *Locus vacuus*, for it hath *Ventricles* like the *Heart*. It is an *empty place* where *nothing* can *reſt*, for the continuall

tinuall *heat* and *action* of the *spirit* (which the *Philosophers* call the *Centrall Sun*) expels the *moysture* to the *Circumference*, and with a restlesse *Pulse* keeps it in *Agitation*, lest the *parts* might *restagnat*, and *putrifie*. This my friend is very *naturall*, for every *Agent* Lyes in the *Center* of his *Body*, and this is the reason that all *Physicall motions* proceed from the *Center* to the *Circumference*, not from the *Circumference* to the *Center*. Such a *motion* is this *æstus* or *flux* of the *Sea*, for the *waters* are not *stirr'd* from the *Top* to the *Bottome*, but from the *Bottome* to the *Top*, and this is *plaine* by their *diffusion* to the *shores*, and their swelling *upwards*, above the ordinary *water-marks*. But *Mastix* you are a *Mouse militant*, you have *two Arguments* more against this *Pulse*, and you heave your *nose* above the *floods*, lest you should *sink* and *drown*. There is wanting (say you)

in

in the *Flux* and *Reflux*, *Rarefaction*, *and universall Diffusion of the stroke at once*, *both which are found in the pulse of a true Animal*, *but not in the Sea*. To this I answer, that by *Rarefaction* thou doest either understand an absolute *Conversion* of some *parts* of the *Bloud* into *Vapours*, or else a *vitall subtileation*, by which the *bloud* is hinder'd to *thicken* and *corrupt*, and this is nothing else but a *Commotion* or *stirring* of the *parts*. That there is a *Commotion* of *parts* in the *Sea* is *evident*, for what else is the *Flux* and *Reflux*? That there is also a *Rarefaction* of some *parts* into *Vapours*, is a Thing known to all the world, and this not only in the *Element* of *Water*, but in the *Earth* which answers to the *flesh*: from the *Central Sun* or *spirit*, doth not only *cause* a *Flux* and *Reflux* but with his *Heat* sublimes the *moysture* into *Clouds*, which *transpire* at the *Pores* of the

Earth.

Earth. And thus *Mastix*, the *spirit* hath a *double action*, answerable to the *performances* of *Life* in *Animals*. First of all he hath a *pulse* in the *Sea*, as the *Soule* hath in the *Bloud*. Secondly his *Heat* converts some *parts* of the *Water* into *Vapours*, which expire at the *Superficies* of the *Earth*: and this *action* answers to *that* of our *Animal heate*, which expels the *superfluous moysture* at the *pores*; and this subtile *evaporation* we commonly call *sweating*. I have now Sirrah, confuted thy *Tool* of *Rarefaction*; the next is thy *universall Diffusion of the stroke at once*. This I must confesse is a blind Expression, but elsewhere thou dooſt expound it: Thy meaning is that *the Flux and Reflux is not in all places at once*. Thou art indeed an *Owl* in *Cuerpo*, a Thing *unfledg'd*, and not so much as *pin-feathered*. And thou not asham'd to shew thy *bare Rump*? Thou hast not so much as a *fig-leaf*

fig-leafe to hide thy *Ignorance*, and *Deformitie*. Every Motion *Mathix*, (and *such* is this *flux*) hath *two* distinct Termes, *à Quo* and *ad Quem*. Every *medium* also thorough which a *Motion* is to be *made*, hath as the *Philosophers* expresse it, *partes extra partes*. The *movent* then is necessitated to *move* from *part* to *part*, that is to say *successively*, for *motion* is a *successive action*. How is it *possible* then for the *pulse* to be in *all parts* or *places* at *once*, unlesse thou doest dreame of an *Ubiquitarie Metaphysical motion*, which is not to be *found* in *nature*? Goe thy ways to Master *Bust* of *Eaton*, and not only for a *Second Lash*, but for a *hundred* and *fifty stripes*. Thus you see Sir, what *pitifull objections* you have made, but notwithstanding on these very *Cracks* of your *Scull*, have you *built* your *Victory* and *Triumph*. You tell me, I shall never make *sense* the *Flux and refluxe*, till I am able

to read *Des Chartes*, and then you adde a *story* of the *Hosibus* and *Shoosibus* of Sir *Kenelm Digbie*. Take these *Latine Clouts* my friend and weare them, for they looke like a Knights *Cast Cloaths*. As for *Des Chartes*, he is a ridiculous *Scribler*, and I *understand* better Authors than ever *Moore* or *Mounsieur* did *reade*. I advise thee *Mastix* to burne his *whimzies*, they are *fanatic insipid Theories*, and as that *Poet* said of the *Annals* of *Volusius*,

Pleni Ruris & Inficetiarum.

For a *Close* to this *point*, and partly for thy *Instruction*, I will give thee some *account* of that *Analogie* which is between *Blood* and *Water*. First of all then, as the *Sperm* of *man*, and all other *Animals*, is made of *Blood*, so the *Sperm* of the *great world* is made of *Water*. Secondly as the *Blood* is full of *Salt* to preserve it from *Putrefaction*, so is every *Water* also, but especially

especially *that* of the *Sea*, and for the very same *end* and *Reason*. Thirdly as the *Bloud* is the very *seat* and *Deferent* of *spirits* in the *Microcosme*, so is the *Water* also in the *Macrocosme*. Fourthly as the *Bloud* hath a *Pulse* to *stir*, and *preserve* it, so hath the *Water* a *Flux* and *reflux* to *actuat*, and *keep* it from *stagnation*. Fifthly and Lastly, they are *both* of *them* of the *same Complexion inwardly*, for I have many times turn'd *water* to the *Complexion* of *Bloud*, and this without all *violence*, or *mixing* therewith any *other substance* whatsoever. There is *Mastix* between these *two* a miraculous incredible *Symbol*, but thou hast not *deserved* so well at my *hands*, that I should *tell* thee of *mysteries*. It is my *Designe* to *vindicat* my self, not to *teach* thee, and now I come to thy next *Cavillations*.

Page. 68. Lane 17.

But now to put the Bloud, flesh, and bones together of your world Animal, &c. Here *Mastix*, I propounded a *Question* to thee, which thou *durst* not *answer*, thou hast *avoyded* it like *wildfire*, and thou *appear'st* to me with long dejected *Flapx*,

——Ut iniquâ mentis Asellus.

Prick up thy *Ears* thou *man* of *might*! I know thee too well, to *expect* thy *Replie*: five *Lives* and *Des Chartes* cannot help thee away with this *Puzzle*. My *Question*, was, *Whether Nature in her Compositions did mix the Elements anatice, so much of each, or did her scales admit of Imparities?* What saith *Harry Moore* to *this*? not one *syllable*, not a *breath* comes from him, he is *Reader* a *silenc'd Philosopher*. Poor Quivering *Mouse*! he saw the *Trap* was *layd* for

for him, and *durst* not *nibble* with the *Bait*. What shall I doe now in this Condition? he cryes out he hath *confuted* me, when in very *truth* he hath not *answered* me. It is a *Maxime* of the Camp, *A Silver bridge for a flying Enemy*. But to this *Fugitive* I shall not allow *Chams* wooden *Bridge*, I will *chase* him in his own *Track*, and force the *Coward* to *face about*. The first Thing he excepts at, is a *Quære* of mine, and this I propos'd to *disprove* his *Anasarca*, for thus it runs. *If there be not Earth enough in the world, I desired to know where it was wanting?* To this hee answers with an absolute *Confession* of his Ignorance: *Doe not think* (saith he) *to shuffle it off by demanding, If there be so little Earth in the world, to tell thee where it is wanting? for I only say, that if the world be an Animal, there will be much bloud and flesh wanting Philalethes, for so great a*

Beast. A rare *Theoreme*, and very *suitable* to the *Philosophie* of *Harry Moore.* If the world be an *Animal*, he can *tell* that much flesh and blood *will be wanting*, but *where* it *will be wanting*, he *cannot tell.* Heare me then thou *Master of Arts!* If thou doest not know *where* this *Defect* is, *how* canst thou *know* there is *any defect* at all? But my friend I have not yet done with you, I must *whip* you for your *Contradiction.* You tell me there will be *much Bloud* wanting to my *Animal*, and here you *kick* your own *Breech*: for elsewhere you would *confute* my *Animal*, because the *Element* of *water* which answers to *Bloud*, is so *excessive* in your *Opinion*, that this *Creature* labours with an *Anasarca.* Why how now *Harry!* Doest thou make the *same Thing*, at the *same Time*, and in *one* and the *same Body*, to be both *Excessive* and *Defective*? Get thee gone thou

thou *Scribling Bedlam*, and learne for *shame* to speak *sense*. The next Thing he takes in hand, is an *Instance* of *mine*, by which I would prove the *Disproportion* or *excesse* of the *fluid parts* in relation to their *Earth*, and this not only in the *great world*, but in *particular Compositions*. To avoid this infallible *experimentall Argument*, he tels me that the *parts of every Body are to be considered in the same Extension that they now actually are, not how they may be altered by Rarefaction*. I am glad to find thee *positive* in some *points*, and because I wish thee *such* still, I will *grant* what thou hast *sayd*, and *confute* thee by thy own *Theorie*. The Body of any *Animall* being considered in its own *naturall Extension*, hath in that very *Extension* an *imparitie* or *Disproportion* of *parts*, for the *fluid watery substances* are by much *more* than the *earthy* and *solid*. This is plaine: for

the *life* cannot *operate* in *drie hard* Bodies, & *hence* it is that the *Bodies* of all *Animals* are *soft* and *moyst*: for every *vitall action* is a *motion*, and *motion* cannot be *perform'd* but in *fluid yeelding substances*, and this is the *reason* that in all *vitall Compositions* their *moysture*, and *water* is *predominant*. Now my friend I will hold thy *nose* to the *grind-stone*, and bring thee back againe to *Rarefaction*. I say then, that in the *separation* of the *parts*, which is done by *Rarefaction*, there can be no *parts separated*, but what were by *Nature* formerly *united*. This is *evident*, and withall *necessary*, for *Nil dat quod in se non habet*. Every *Compound* consists of his *parts*, and what he *consists* of, is *all* he *hath*, and what he *hath*, is *all* he can *give*: so that I can *extract* nothing from *him*, but *what* he had *formerly* in *him*. It is plaine then that the *parts* of every *Body*, whether we consider them in their

their *separation*, or in their first *naturall Composition*, are still the very *same* in *Number*, *Nature*, and *Proportion*. To drive home my *Argument* then, I say that if the *water* into which the *rarified vapours* are condens'd, *Exceed* the *Earth* of that *Body*, out of which the *water* was *extracted*, and *this* also in *Animals*, it must needs follow that the *Moysture* of the *great world* must also *exceed* the *earthy parts* thereof, for otherwise it will *fall short* of a *vital Composition*. And now my friend here is no *Anasarca*, but a true *Animall Texture*, answerable to *that* which is *found* in particular *living Creatures*. But *Mastix* is very *provident*, he hath a *Salvo* for this *sore*, and indeavours to *rout* me with a certaine *formidable Rere*, a Company of *Rags* and *Straglers*, for I may not cal them *arguments*. These *subsequent things* are (as hee cals them) so many *besides*, and the

first

first is a very *grosse Exception* against *Rarefaction.* The *proportion* (saith he) *betwixt the vapour or thinner parts Extension to the remaining ashes, is not yet so big as of the thin parts of the Word-Animal in respect of its solid parts by many thousand and thousand Millions.* This is granted *Mastix*, but what is the *Consequence?* It is not only the *fluid parts* of the *great world* that *exceed* the *fluid parts* of *Individuals*, but the *Earth* of the *great world* exceeds the *Earth* of any *particular Animal*, by many *thousand and thousand millions.* The *Disproportion* then upon which thou wouldst *insist*, is between the *parts* of some *Individuall*, and the *parts* of this great *animated System*: But if the *Earth* and *Water* of the great *World* be compar'd amongst *themselves* they have no *Irregularitie* at all, for there is neither *too little Earth*, nor *over much Water*, but such a *proportion* of *both*

as

is *necessary* to a *vitall Constitution*. Where art thou now thou bungling, balling *Cantabrigian*? Thy next *Objection* is a meer *Ape*, an *Imitation* of that *Reason*, by which I have formerly *confuted* thee. If the *Earth* (saist thou) *and Water were rarified by Fire, and what is turned into Vapour were added to the other fluid parts of the Word-Animal, it would increase their over-proportion.* This is the *Rheume* of thy addled loose *braine*, and now having *emptied* thy *noddle*, thou doest *stretch* thy *Moorer neck*, and *crow*. *Thou hast answered* (sayst thou) *most wretchedly and pitifully every way, poor Anthroposophus!* This is only said *Harry*, it is not proved, but now we shall come to a *Triall*. This *Argument* Sirrah, hath made thee my *Beggar*, it is *Petitio Principii*, thou doest *suppose* that which was *never granted*, namely that *there is* in the *World* an *over-proportion*

tion of *fluid parts*. Sit down thou *Mendicant Negro*, and expect the next *Passenger*, for thou art not like to *get* any *thing* at my *hands*. As for thy *Addition* of *parts to parts*, it can no way prove a *destructive excesse*, for those *parts* are already in *Nature*, but *destroy* her *not*, and the reason of it is this. *God* hath *made* the *world* in *number*, *measure*, and *weight*, that is to say in a perfect *vital harmonie*, so that the *proportion* of the *fluid parts* to the *Earth*, be it *never* so *great*, is not *irregular*, but *Necessary*. This is no supposed *fansie*, but a *known truth*, a thing *confirmed* every *Day* by the *lasting Concord* and *Complexion* of the *Elements*. And now thou *Morosophus*, and *Sopho-morosinus*, thou hast argu'd *most wretchedly and pitifully*: Thou hast *proved nothing*, but what was never *denied*, even thy own *Moorish Ignorance* and *Absurditie*. I am now come to thy last *Objection*,

Tool so *impertinent*, I should wonder *how* it came in, but that thy *Book* is a kind of *Babel*. *When any thing is burnt* (sayst thou) *as for example your Tobacco, I say it takes up then no more roome than it did before: Because Rarefaction and Condensation is made* per modum spongiæ, *as a Sponge is distended by the comming in, and contracted againe by the going out of the water it had imbib'd.* I see, and read *Mastix*, what thou hast written: *The watery parts of a Body being rarified by heat into Vapours, take up then no more Room, than they did before.* What is the *sequell* to this wise *Antecedent*? I dispute not what *Room* the *Vapours* take up, be it *more* or *lesse*: my Design was to *prove*, that every *Compound* hath in it more *moysture* than *Earth*, and by *consequence* it is no *Absurdity*, if the *great world* hath the *like*. But now my friend I will take thy *Sponge* in hand, and *squeese* it to some purpose.

purpose. I say then that *Rarefaction* and *Condensation* are not made *per modum Spongiæ*: for a *Sponge* whether *distended* or *contracted*, still *retains* the *forme* of a *Sponge*, but *Water* rarified into *Vapours* hath no more the *Complexion* of *Water*, and on the contrary *Vapors* condens'd into *Water*, reteine no *more* the *Complexion* of *Vapors*: for a *Sponge* is *distended* and *contracted* by sole *Impletion* and *Evacuation*, that is to say without any *alteration* of its *parts*, but *Water* is *rarified*, and *Vapor condensed* by another *manner* of *action*, namely by an *absolute alteration* of the *Body*. It is plaine then that *both* these *Modes* are really *distinct*, and *different*: that to say, that *Rarefaction* and *Condensation* are made *per modum Spongiæ*, is *non-sense* in an *Universitie* but *Philosophie* in *Cambridge*. Thus Sir have I return'd your *Sponge*, and that *well squees'd*: got now to the

Almo

Alma mater, and *dip* it once in her *poculà sacra*, in those *Cups* of *durty Water*, for she gave thee nothing but the *Puddle* of *Cham*. As for *those Lads of your Universities*, (for you speak in the *Plurall number*, as if you had *more* than *one*) I suppose thou hast given them a very *just Character*. *They are able* (sayst thou) *to demonstrat penetration of Dimensions at a year or two standing at least*. A rare *perfection* by my Troth! Prithee *Mastix*, if *two years* be the *least*, what *time* is the *most* that these *witty Lads* require to *demonstrat* this point? *Ha! ha! he!* But in this nature *Moore* is a pretty *proficient* himself: He can demonstrat, *That a Body whose Basis is at the Center of the Earth, and his Top* (as he cals it) *as far above the starrie Heaven, as it is from thence to the Earth, is but equall in Dimensions to a Body that will lie in the Boll of a Tobacco pipe*: and this he will prove,

taking

taking the Body in that vast all
Extension, without any Condenſat
uſed thereunto. How now *Reade*
and *miſerable Philoſophaſters*, whe
are you now? By the ſame *Demo*
ſtration he may *prove*, that a *point*
parallel to a *line*, his *Mite* as *bi*
his *Cheeſe*, and the *Earth* which
an *Atom* in his *opinion*, if *compar*
with the *whole world*, as *big* as t
world it *ſelf*. Truly my friend
ſuppoſe thou doeſt dreame of a ce
taine *Infinitie* of *parts*, by which th
wouldſt prove the *Equality* of all
dies; But the Expoſition of th
Quirk I leave to thy own Demo
ſtration, no doubt but thou wilt gi
us a very *juſt occaſion* to *laugh*.

Pag. 72. *Line* 8.

Two things I here object to ſhew
Ineptneſſe and incongruitie of
Compariſon, &c. Your *two things*

u call them Master *Moore*, we shall nsider; & return you as many *some-ings* for your *nothings*. Your first ckado, is a thing borrow'd from the fice of *Respiration*, a certain *Bladder* hich you *shoot* for a *Bullet*, and thus ou *wink* at the *mark*. *The office of spiration* (say you) *is to refresh the lood by way of Refrigerating, or Coo-ng*: Well *Moro-sophus*! thou art own a strange mysterious *Fellow*, ou art acquainted with *sober and full mysteries of nature*, but *Euge-us knows none of these*. Thou hast deed concluded me a very *Igno-ant*, but for all thy *manly face* as ou doest style it in thy *Poems*, I will ke thee by thy *tender Ears*. Did I ot tell thee that the *office* of the *aire* s to *preserve* the two inferior *pas-e Elements*, namely *Earth* and *ter*, and this not only from exces-e *cold*, but from excessive *heat*, for us commonly *stirr'd with Winds*,

and *charg'd* with *Clouds* to *allay* the *Influence* of the *Fire-world*. Now I aske thee what *Agent* that is, which *heats* the *Bloud*, and induceth a *neceſſitie* of *Refrigeration*? Is it not the *Fire-ſpirit* of *Life*? It follows then that *Reſpiration* cools, or *qualifies*, the *activity* and *heat* of that *ſpirit*, leſt it might work too *violently* in the *Bloud*: for the *Bloud* of it *ſelf*, that is to ſay *without* this *ſpirit*, is not *hot* at all, as it is *manifeſt* in thoſe that are *dead*. If the *aire* then (as I have formerly replied) *retards*, or *allays* that *heat*, which is *inclos'd* in the *Body* of the *Great world*, leſt it might work too *violently* upon the *water*, doth it not then *refreſh* the *water*, and ſo fully *anſwer* to the *office* of *Reſpiration*? Get thee gone thou great *Goblin*! Thou doeſt know thy ſelf ſufficiently *confuted*, and thy *Scriblings* came not out in *order* to the *Reaſon*, but for *ſatisfaction* to the

Spleen

Spleen. Thy next *Objection* is taken from the *ſituation* of the *Aire: The Aire* (ſayſt thou) *that an ordinary Animal breaths in, is externall, the Aire of this world-Animal internall.* To this I anſwer, that if the *breath* of an *ordinarie Animal* be *External*, how can it *cool* the *Bloud* which is *Internal?* It is plaine then that our *breath* is *Internal*, though by *expiration*, wee make it ſometimes *External*, for the *deſigne* of *life* is the *preſervation* of the *bloud*, and this can never be, unleſſe our *breath* be *internall*, for our *bloud* is not *without*, but *within* us. As for thy fooliſh *Crack*, that the *World ſhould be troubl'd with the Cholick, becauſe the aire is within it*; It is indeed a *poſition* that will produce ſuch *conſequences* as are *ſuitable* to thy *Philoſophie*. Firſt of all then thou doeſt make the *Colick*, which is a *diſtemper* in the *Guts*, to *proceed* from that *aire* or *breath*, which in all

creatures but thy ſelf expires at the *upper parts*, but it ſeems thy *brea* breeds the *Colick* in thy *Guts*, an goes out at thy *Poſteriors*, or *lowe parts*. I conclude then thy *mou* and thy *breech* have but *one* and th *ſame aire*, and truly in this *point* th *learning* is anſwerable to thy *lan guage*. Secondly, if the *aire* be th *cauſe* of the *Colick*, it will follo that *all men* muſt be troubl'd wi this *Diſeaſe*, and that *alwaies*. Reaſo for it is this: there is no *Animal* wha ſoever but hath *aire* alwaies *with him*, as well as the *great world*, an by conſequence he muſt be ſickly li the great world, and be *alwaies ſtitch* with thy *Colick*. Away thou *Bun ling thing*! I ſhould think thy *di courſe* was *begot* on the *Colick*, it is ſuc *emptie, windie ſtuffe*. Now *Maſt* I have done with thy *two things*, a brought them into *one nothing*: th next Exception is againſt that tru

of mine, That *the aire is the outward refreshing ſpirit of the great world.* Here thou doeſt object that the *aire* cannot be the *outward ſpirit* of the *whole world*, becauſe it is *outward* only in reſpect of the *Earth* and *Water*: and this thou doeſt call a *jugulating Objection*, thou *objecting Fa-ther*. To this I anſwer, that the *aire* doth not only *include* the *Earth* and *Water*, but the *ſeven Planets* alſo: for theſe *ſeven* move (if we believe the noble *Tycho*) *in aurâ Caleſti*, and this can be nothing elſe but *aire*. But to give a more generall ſolution, I ſay the *aire* is an *ambient free ſpirit*, for it is not *impriſon'd* as other *ſpirits* are, but moves *freely* like the *breath* in *Animals*: my meaning is, it is not *incorporated* in any *one part* of the *world* whatſoever: it is not *tied* to *Heaven* or *Earth*, for it is no *Component*, or *part* of *either*, and therefore *properly* an *outward ſpirit*,

creatures but thy ſelf expires at the
upper parts, but it ſeems thy *brea*
breeds the *Colick* in thy *Guts*, an
goes out at thy *Poſteriors*, or *lowe*
parts. I conclude then thy *mou*
and thy *breech* have but *one* and th
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of mine, That *the aire is the outward refreshing spirit of the great world.* Here thou doest object that the *aire* cannot be the *outward spirit* of the *whole world*, because it is *outward* only in respect of the *Earth* and *Water*: and this thou doest call a *jugulating Objection*, thou *objecting Jangler*. To this I answer, that the *aire* doth not only *include* the *Earth* and *Water*, but the *seven Planets* also: for these *seven* move (if we believe the noble *Tycho*) *in aurâ Cæleſti*, and this can be nothing else but *aire*. But to give a more generall solution, I say the *aire* is an *ambient free spirit*, for it is not *imprison'd* as other *spirits* are; but moves *freely* like the *breath* in *Animals*: my meaning is, it is not *incorporated* in any *one part* of the *world* whatsoever: it is not *tyed* to *Heaven* or *Earth*, for it is no *component*, or *part* of *either*, and therefore *properly* an *outward spirit*,

even to *all* the *parts* of the *world*. And now my Friend take up your *bundle* of *ſimples*: you muſt *walk* with *them* on your *back* in *Cambridge*, like the *Man* in the *Moon* with his *buſh* of *thorns*. Your next and laſt *objection* is againſt the *Earth*, for this *Element* (ſay you) cannot be *animated*, becauſe it is not a *breathing Animal*: *For what Reſpiration, what Attraction and Reddition of Aire is there in it?* Ha! ha! he! It ſeems the *world* cannot be *animated*, but it muſt have *lungs*, and the ſame *diſpoſition* of *Organs* with *Individuals*. Thou doeſt *confine* the *wiſdome* of the *Almightie God* to the narrow *apprehenſions* of thy *blockhead*: as if he had but *one way* of *animation*, or *infuſion* of *life*. Doeſt thou not ſee, that ſome *particular creatures* (for example *worms*) have *life* in them, and yet have no *reſpiration*, or *attraction* and *reddition* of *aire*? It is enough that the *ſpi-*

rit

rit of the *great world* hath *motion*, which is answerable in *effect* to *respiration*: for it *refrigerats* the *moyst parts*, and *preserves* them from that *heat*, which without this *mediator* might *prevaile* over *them*, and grow too *violent*.

This is the *summe* of thy obstinat and malicious *follie*, and now thou doest *apply* thy self to a *trade*, which *becomes* thee far better than Philosophie: Thou art *turn'd* a kind of *Bellows-maker*, and indeed a *mysterious one*, for this *Engine* of *thine* blows by an *inward vital principle*, without the *help* of *hands*. Thy *Bellows* is a *living creature*, for it hath *eyes*, *ears*, *lungs*, *and nose*: *and this is as plaine* (sayst thou) *as the nose on a man's face*. Heare me thou *Harry Moore*! Put thy *nose* in thy *breech*, there thou wilt find another *Bellows*, and *animated* by as *proper a respiration*.

Page 77. Line 9.

HEre I object O Eugenius, &c. Here you object that the Inter-ſtellar waters are *too exceſſive in proportion to be the fluid parts of a World-animal.* Look back my friend, for your Objection is already anſwered. In the next place you ask me, why I *call the Inter-ſtellar waters, miraculous waters?* To this Queſtion you anſwer your ſelf: *I ſee the cauſe* (ſay you) *Bonefires and Torches burn in them.* This leſſon you learnt of mee, and therefore you goe about to confute it. *That were a miracle indeed* (ſaith *Moore*) *but that it is a falſitie: for I give things falſe names.* It is Sir a *proper name*, for *fire* is a *principle predominant in* the *ſtars*, and this is *proved* by their *heat*, and *complexion.* Now *Logic* tels me, that *Denominati*

minatio fit à potiori: so that this *fire* hath *burnt* you in the *hand*, and now you may cry, *God save the Kirk*.

Page 78. *Line* 14.

WHat *is thy meaning here, little* Phil: *&c.* Here thou doeſt aske me, If *the world hath ſenſe only in the Stars?* No *Maſtix*: not *only* in the *ſtars*, it hath *ſenſe* in all the *parts* thereof, for it is *one animated Syſtem*: but the *ſtars* being the *bright influent parts* of the *world*, the *ſpirit* of *life* is more *apparently active* there, than any *where elſe*, as it is in *man* at the *eyes*. But you proceed Doctor *Bellows*, and you *blaw* from all points of the compaſſe. You tell me the *ſtars muſt ſee, and heare, and taſte*. Theſe my *friend*, are particular *actions* of *ſenſe*, and *require* their ſeverall qualified *Organs*, ſuch as I never

affirmed

affirmed to be in the *great world*. The *ſenſe* of the *univerſe* is indeed a *kind* of *feeling*, namely a *mutual con-ſenſe*, or a vitall influent *action* of the *ſuperior parts* upon the *inferior*, with a ready *application* and *conformitie* of the *inferior* to the *ſuperior*: and this *proceeds* from that *vital* incloſed *fire*, which is the *ſoule* of the *great world*: This is the *truth*, and none other, and when thou doeſt bring any *arguments* againſt this *truth*, I will not *avoid* them, as *thou* haſt *done*: I will confute thy *militant non-ſenſe*, and prove by invincible *reaſon*, that the *Heavens* are not only *ſentient*, but withall *intelligent*.

Pag. 80. *Line* 22.

And thus have I taken all thy Out-works Eugenius, *yea, and quite demoliſhed them*, &c. Thou art miſtaken *Moore*, thou art in my *Out-works*,

works, but thou haſt not *taken* them, neither were thoſe *pieces* built for thy *Battery*. Thou art *Maſtix* a *Captive*, a *Mouſe* in a *trap*, and out thou ſhalt never get. But I need not *acquaint* you with your *condition*, you *perceive* it well enough, for once more you *fall* to your *Friſcks*, and *peep* between the *wyres*, to look out ſome *hole* of *liberty*. *The Sun* (ſay you) *being the heart of the world, it is expected, if the Flux and Reflux be a pulſe, that it ſhould come from the Sun, that is reputed the heart of the world; but it comes from the Moon.* To the firſt part of your argument, I ſay, that what Doctor *Flud* affirms, is nothing to the purpoſe, for he knew no more of nature than Doctor *Moore*, and that is juſt nothing. If you would prove the *Sun* to be the *heart* of the *world*, you ſhould have done it by *reaſon*, not by *citation*: and when you attempt this, I will *demonſtrat* the *contrary*,

and

and that so *soundly*, thou shalt not *dare* to *contradict* it, or if thou doest, thou shalt not be *able* to speak *sense*. As for the *tayle* of this *toole*, namely that the *Flux proceeds from the Moon*, I say it is an *error*; but you tell mee, *I have only said so, I have proved nothing*. Come *Sirrah*! Thou hast either *read* my *replie*, or thou hast *not read it*: If thou hast *not read* it, how canst thou *judge* of it? If thou hast *read* it, thou hast also *read* this *argument*, which proves the *Flux* cannot come from the *Moon*, and that according to thy own principles. *You and your Peripatetics* (saith *Eugenius* to *Moore*) *doe allow all naturall bodies an inward principle of motion: Is not the Sea then a naturall body? If so, it hath an inward principle of motion, and needs not to be rockt by the Moon, which is an outward one.* This argument *Mastix*, is built on your own *concession*, namely that all *naturall bodies*

have

have an *inward principle* of *motion*, which you *repeat* in this your *second lash*, though with some *limitation*, for you speak only of those *bodies*, which are *within* the *concave* of the *Moon*, and *such* my friend is the *Sea*. Now Sir what think you, have I proved *something* or *nothing*? The *truth* is you have *answered nothing*, you durst not take *notice* of this *objection*, for thou hast done as *Cowards* doe, give the *lie*, and then *run away*. But *Engenius* scorns to learn of a *Coward*, I will *observe* what thou hast *objected*, and thus I *returne* thee a *confutation*. *There is* (sayst thou) *such an apparent Connexion between this Phænomenon of the Flux and Reflux, and so constant with the course of the Moon, that it is even unimaginable, but that there should be the relation of cause and effect betwixt them*. To confirme this you cite *Fromondus*, and then repeat your storie of *Sea* and *Moon*, with the strange

ſtrange *connexion* of their *motions*. To this it is anſwered, that the *Flux* may *concurre* with the *Moon* in point of *time*, but not as an *effect* produc'd by the *Moon*: for *many things* move at the ſame *inſtant*, and yet the *one* is not the *cauſe* of the others *motion*, ſo that this is but a *certaine parallel*, or a *mutuall Harmonie* of *motions*, not a *dependencie* of *effects* and *cauſes*. This is enough to *confute* thee; But I will not only propound a *truth*, but will *juſtifie* what I have *propos'd*, and that by ſolid, invincible *reaſon*. First of all then, every *motion* produc'd by an externall *Sympatheticall agent* (and *ſuch* you muſt ſuppoſe the *Moon* to be) is an *attraction*: but the *Flux* is no *attraction*, for when the *Moon* is in the *Eaſt* (as you inſtance) the *Flux* moves not *to her*, but *from her* namely towards the *Poles*. I conclude then, that the *Flux* is not *produc'd* by an externall *Sympatheticall agent*

and therefore not by the *Moon*. Secondly, if the *Moon* imparts *motion* to the *Sea-water*, it will infallibly follow, that *whereſoever* ſhee *finds it*, there will ſhe *move it*: but this is *falſe*, for if *water* be brought from the *Sea* to *Chriſts Colledge* in *Cambridge*, and there *expos'd* to the *Moon-beams*, the *Moon* will not ſtir it, notwithſtanding all the skill of *Harry Moore*. On the contrary if the *Moon* had any *dominion* over the *Sea-water*, ſhe muſt needs *ſtir* it, where ſhe *finds it*; for every *patient* that is within the *ſphære* of the *agent* muſt needs *ſuffer* thereby: but *Sea-water* being *expos'd* to the *Moon-beams* is within the *ſphære* of the *Lunar activitie*, for the *beams* fall *upon it*, and there is an *application* of the *Moon* to the *moyſture*, but no *motion* or *Flux* at all. I conclude then that the *Moon* is no *cauſe*, for ſhe *produceth* no *effect*. Now if we returne to the *truth*, namely

ly the *pulse* of the *great world*, we may easily know, why some *portion* of the *Sea-water* being *separated* from the *whole*, is not *subject* to a *Flux*, as it was formerly. We see that the *blood* as long as it is in the *veins* is *actuated* by the *pulse*, but if any *part* be *let out*, that *part* is no more *actuated*, for it is beyond the *sphære* of *activitie*, and the *pulse* comes not at it. It is just so with the *Sea-water*, for as long as it is in the *Generall Chanell*, where the *pulse* of the *great world* beats, it is within the *sphære* of the *centrall spirit*, but being once *discontinued* from the *whole*, it is separated from the *Region* of the *pulse*, and is no more *subject* to a *Flux*. On the contrary, if the *Moon* were the *cause* of the *Flux*, no part of the *Sea-water* could be *separated* from the *sphære* of *activitie*, for the *Moon* shines *every where*, and by consequence there would be a *Flux* every *where*: but this is *false*, wherefore

Moore

Moores Theorie is *not true*. Thirdly my friend (for I have one *bone* more for thee) it is *impoſsible* that the *Flux* ſhould *depend* on the *Moon*, and my *reaſon* for it is this. The *Sea* was *made* on the *third day*, and the *Moon* on the *fourth*, ſo that there was a *Flux* before there was a *Moon*. Now if thou ſayſt that this *motion* proceeds from the *Moon*, thou doeſt put the *Cart* before the *horſe*, thou doeſt make *effects Præexiſtent* to their *cauſes*. This is all Sir, that you have ſpoken, and now *Harry Moore*, *Gen.*

Hoſtis habet Muros:

I have really *ſurpriz'd* thy *Outworks*, and *fir'd* them withall: nor ſhall my *flames* reſt *here*, I will bring them to the *heart* of *Troy*;

——Jam per Mœnia clarior ignis
Auditur, propriuſque æſtus Incendia volvunt.

Fly *Maſtix*, fly, for thy building *turns*, and all the *water* in *Cham* ſhall

not *quench* it. It is time for thee to look a *new Syſtem*, for the *old* one fals to pieces: Here will be nothing left for thee, unleſſe thou canſt ſit like *Marius* in the *ruines* of thy *Carthage*. But what haſt thou done *Harry*? haſt thou made me laugh in this *combuſtion*? Thou doeſt adviſe me to read that Coxcomb *Des Cartes*, and thy own limping *Ballad*; thoſe *Coplas* of thine, where thou doeſt ſing

Yſtruck with mighty rage.

Why this is as much to *naturall Philoſophie*, as if thou ſhouldeſt refer me to *Pentagruel* and *Gregorie-nonſenſe*. Ha! ha! he! But I doe not altogether ſlight thy *ſcriblings*, I will *read* thy ſubſequent *obſervations*, and truſt me I ſhall deale *ſoberly* with thy *madneſſe*. I will not mind your *digreſſions*, but where your *laſh* ſtrikes at my *principles*, I ſhall *returne* the *Rod* to your *Breech*, correct your *pretended reaſon*, and pittie your *ma-*

niſeſt

nifeſt diſtraction. I have Maſter *Moore*, a great *advantage* over you, you ſpeak what you *think*, and I ſpeak what I *know*. It is *fanſie* that leads you, but *experience* leads me, and there is ſuch a *difference* betweeu *us*, as between *dreams*, and *open eyes*. But I come on, and where you find me any thing *bitter*, it is a kind of *Pill*, it is *Phyſic* for your *Frenſie*. Mad men have *ſcvere cures*, and this I need not tell you of, you may ſhortly *learne* it in that *coercive Region*,

Ubi vivos Homines mortui incurſant Boves.

Prepare your *patience* Sir, and *unbuckle*. you are once more brought to *Schoole*, and now I begin to *call* you to *accompt*.

Observation. 1.

I am the Poet that did and doe, &c.

Poeta cùm primum animum ad ſcribendum appulit
Id ſibi negoti credidit ſolùm dari.

YOu thought *Harry*, when you ſcribl'd your *jolting Ballad* you ſhould never be forc'd to a *ſerious proſe*, and that the *title* of *Poet* was enongh to *excuſe* your *Romance*. This *deſigne* indeed might have thriv'd, had you not provoked *Eugenius Philalethes*. Your *verſe* my friend is more a *Cart* then a *Chariot*, and as *far* from *Plato*'s Philoſophie as *Whiſtling*, and *Ho*! *gee*! But I *ſcorn* to follow thy *excurſions*, thoſe low *Flights* of thy *Gooſe-quill*: Thou doſt charge me in this *obſervation* with *two miſtakes*, and theſe are *they*. Firſt yo

you ſay I have us'd *Reminiſcencie* as an argument to prove the *Præexiſtencie of the ſoule before her entrance into the body*. Theſe are thy words and the Reader may know it, by that *phraſe* of *Præexiſtencie before her entrance*. But I am to deale with that *ſenſe*, which is aym'd at by thy *nonſenſe*, and I ſay it is *falſe*. I mention'd *Reminiſcencie* to ſhew you what the *Doctrine* of *Plato* was, whom you falſely pretend to underſtand, and as for *Præexiſtencie* I have far *better arguments* to prove it, but that is *needleſſe* for you *your ſelf* grant it. It is my *task* to prove, the *ſoule* hath an *explicit methodicall knowledge* before her *entrance* to the *body*, and to this purpoſe *Reminiſcencie* is *ſomething*, but you are *mad*, and ſpeak you know not what. I ſay then, and *poſitively* affirme, that the *ſoule* before her *Immerſion* in the *matter*, is a *knowing intelligent ſpirit*, and this *actually*,

and *explicitly*. This is my *Doctrine*, and thus I prove it. If the *ſoule* bee not an *intelligent ſubſtance* before her *intrance* to the *body*, then that *facultie* by which *Ariſtotle* defines the *ſoule*, namely *intelligence*, is no *eſſentiall facultie*, but a *thing acquir'd*, but *Moore* hath formerly granted it is an *eſſentiall facultie Ergo*, &c. The *major* is *invincible*, for whatſoever is *eſſentiall* to the *ſoule*, can never be *ſeparated* from her without the *deſtruction* of her *Eſſence*, ſo that if *intelligence* be a *facultie eſſentiall*, the *ſoule* muſt needs be *intelligent*, aſwell *before*, as *after* her *incorporation*. Now for her explicit actuall *knowledge* in the *ſtate* of *Præexiſtencie*, I will prove it thus *à fortiori*. If the *ſoule* can *actually underſtand* in the *body*, when ſhe is *oppreſt* and *obſcur'd* by the *Matter*, ſhe can doe it *much better* in her *ſtate* of *Præexiſtencie*, when ſhe is a *pure ſpirit*, and *free* from

th

the *matter*, But ſhee can *actually underſtand* in the *body*, therefore *much more* when ſhe is *free* from the *body*. Againe, If the *ſoule* hath an *intelligent eſſentiall facultie*, in the ſtate of *Præexiſtencie*, ſhe muſt alſo *actually underſtand* in the ſame *ſtate*, and the *ſequell* I demonſtrat thus. Either ſhe doth *actually underſtand*, or her *faculties* are *ſuppreſt*, and *caſt aſleep*, But her *faculties* are not *ſuppreſt* and *caſt aſleep*, *Ergo*. The *diviſion* is *immediat*, for *one* of *both* muſt needs *be*, and the *minor* I prove thus. If the *ſoule* be *caſt aſleep* before her *intrance* to the *body*, ſhe may bee alſo *caſt aſleep*, after her *ſeparation* from the *body*, for ſhe *returns* then to her *former State*, and here will follow an Hereticall *Pſychopannuchie*, Which *Moore* oppos'd in his *Poems*. Againe, If the *faculties* of the *ſoule* be *ſuppreſt* in her *Præexiſtencie*, this

is done by the *matter*, or by *ſomething elſe*. If by *ſomething elſe*, I deſire to know *what* that *opium* is? and here *beloved* you are to ſeek. If you ſay by the *matter*, the *ſtate* of the *ſoule* confutes you, for *as yet* ſhe hath *nothing* to *doe* with the *matter*. It is clear then that ſhee *actually underſtands*, and now *Harry Moore*, what ſayſt thou? Truly *Harry* ſays very finely: I *am* (ſaith he) *a very wary Philoſopher, and he muſt riſe betimes, that goes about to impoſe upon my reaſon*. This my friend is nothing to the purpoſe: *Ignoramus* ſaid as much before you, and you ſtole the *phraſe* from him; *Debet ſurgere per tempus*, is the *originall* to your *Tranſlation*. The ſecond *miſtake*, which you would make me guiltie of, is your *own*, not *mine*. I *think* (ſay you) *that you condemne my opinion of the Præexiſtencie of the ſoule*. Is this *thought* in *Print*, or in *Manuſcript*? You condemn'd

demn'd an *explicit knowledge*, and to *that only* I replied. But in good earneſt Maſter *Maſtix*, what is your *opinion* of this *Præexiſtencie? It is no matter* (ſay you) *what your opinion is, as it is yours.* Truly Sir you ſay very well, it is *no matter* indeed: for whenſoever you *deny* the *Præexiſtencie*, I will ſo *prove* it, that I ſhall make you *aſham'd* of your ſelf. But you are growne *Magiſteriall*, and and would make a *Claſſic Moore*: you refer the *Readers* to your *Poems*. Verily my friend thy *Ballad* to Miſtriſſe *Pſyche*, is no more to the *myſteries* of the *ſoule*, than that of *Samuel to his loving Nancy*.

Obſervation. 2.

HEre Philalethes *I charged thee with three abſurdities*, &c. Take back your *charge*, and look well to it, I have for my part committed

mitted no abſurdities. The *firſt thing* you except at, is a *task* of *mine*, that I ſhould ſpend a *whole ſpring* to find out this concluſion: *That things that are produc'd in nature, are out of ſomething in nature unlike the things produc'd.* To prove this you make uſe of my own words, which are theſe: *I took to task the fruits of one ſpring*, and then follows this learned Comment. I ſay (ſaith *Harry Moore*) *that one ſpring may ſignifie a whole ſpring, and your making a task of it ſeems to determine the words to that ſenſe.* O rare, Metaphyſicall *non-ſenſe*! Readers, I charge you to take notice of it. The *fruits* indeed were the *fruits* of *one ſpring*, but that I took them to *task* for *one whole ſpring*, is a ſenſe no where to bee found. This is as much, as if I ſhould ſay that *Harry Moore* did *read* the *Hiſtory* of *one age*, and therefore *ſpent one whole age* in *reading* it. Get thee

gone

gone thou ignorant ſtupid Scribler! How durſt thou pretend to Philoſophie, when thou canſt not underſtand common Engliſh?

Thy next Charge *Harry* is ſo *falſe*, I ſhould think thee a *Committe-man*, but that thou haſt more to do with *Bedlam* than with the *Common-wealth*. I *admit* (ſaiſt thou) *of two of Ariſtotles Principles*, *Matter and Privation*. I told thee formerly that *Matter* was a Principle of Nature, and in the *Booke* of *Nature* I found it, not in *Ariſtotle*. Privation indeed is a *Creature* of the *Schooles*, a Greek Fable but no *Principle*, for *principles* properly are ſubſtantiall parts, or ingredients of the Compound, and ſuch is not *Privation*, But the *Moor* argues: *viola* (ſaith he) *eſt ex non violâ*, Generation is not *performed* without *Privation*, therefore Privation is a Principle. Well done thou faithfull *Peripatetick*! Now at laſt I begin to underſtand thee: Privation

tion *conduceth* to *Generation*, and therfore it must be a *Principle*. If this holds there are more *Principles* than *Three*, and *Aristotle* is short of their *number*. First of all the *Sun* conduceth to *Generation*; or according to *Aristotle* himselfe, *Sol et Homo generant Hominem*. therefore the *Sun* is a *Principle*. Secondly the *Parents* do *conduce*, and are necessary *Agents* in all Univocall Generations, therefore the *Parents* are *principles*. Thirdly no Generation can possibly be performed without *Time*, and *Place*, no more than without *privation*, and therefore *Time* and *Place* are *Principles*. See now my friend, the Consequences of thy Nonsence; I must therfore tell thee that a *principle* is a *Constitutive part* of the *Bodie*, but *privation* is *destructive*, as we see in Men: For if ever it takes place in the Body after *Generation*, it is the *Destruction* therof, and therfore no more a *principle* than

than *Death* it ſelfe. To be ſhort, *Privation* is a *Tranſitory accident*, for it remaines not in the Body, after it is *generated*: and what is not in the Body is no *principle* of the Body; Nay it is ſo far from the Nature of a *principle*, that if it were in the Body, it would deſtroy it. Now if thou wilt tell me, it is *Cauſa ſine quâ non*; I ſay there are many ſuch Cauſes more, namely the *Sun*, *Time* and *Place*; but a *Cauſe* ſo qualified is no *principle*. Thus have I confuted thy *ſecond Frenzie*, I am now com to thy *ſuparlative one* of the Third Degree.

Here Mr. *Maſtix* you fall on the *firſt matter* as if you were at Long-ſpoon and Cuſtard: But *Sirrah* this is a *Philoſophicall diſh*, keep to your pudding and pycruſt, with your *Cue bread* and no *Salt*. Thou art *Moore* a meer *freſhman* a ridiculous *cobling Thing*, and I have formerly advis'd thee not to go beyond thy *Laſt*. The

firſt

first Matter I ſpeak of, is the *firſt matter of all things*, and I have *ſeen it and felt it, ten thouſand times*, Now my friend I will come to thy *Idea*, a thou doſt barbarouſly and blindly ca it, and this is it. The *firſt matter* (ſaiſt thou) is *a ſubſtance out of whith all Corporeall things are made, but it ſelfe out of nothing*. This is your poſſitive Aſſertion, and you taile it with a *Quere*: whither *that Matter, which I ſay I have ſeen and handled, be ſuch as will fit with this Idea?* It is Sir, for this Idea fits with the Matter: It is that *ſperm* which God in the begining of his waies *created* of *nothing*, and out of which he made *Heaven* and *Earth*, and all that are therein. But you are grown Magicall *Harry*, you tell us what the *firſt Matter* is, as if you had been tutor'd in the ſchoole of *Nature*. Our *firſt Matter* (ſay you) *is a thing prepared and qualified by Art, a thing reduc'd by Chymiſtry to ſuch a temper*,

that

that it is fit to receive any Forme whatsoever.

Come thou *Mountebank-Monkie!* Thou *Squirt* of *Revealed Nonsence!* Doth this Instruction proceed from thy *Universality* of *spirit*, or dost thou presume to speake of things thou dost not understand? I tell thee the *first Matter* is the *Sperm* of two Universall Natures *Heaven* and *Earth*, neither can it be made by the hands of man: For as Man is *generated* out of a *Sperm*, and again yeelds a *sperm* of his *owne*, which is the very same in *Nature* with that whereof he was *generated*: So the *great World* was made of a *sperm*, which God created of nothing, but now that very world is *resolv'd* and *digested* into a *sperm* by its proper inclosed Heate, and this *sperm* is the very same with that *Originall one* whereof the world was made. This *first Matter* or *sperm* do I find, where *Nature* ejects it; But I prepare it not, that

that is the power of God, and not o Man. Away then thou impudent, ignorant *Scribler*! thou *Aſſe* in *Tranſcendencies*, but not ſo well *inſpir'd* a that of *Balaam*. And here Sir I muſt tell you, that having ſet up your Clou you ſpend a whole Page at *Rovers*, and let flie your *Gooſe-quill* at your *own Vanity*. Thou doſt tell me of *fires*, *heates*, and *putting the Body into perpetuall motion*, with a *kind of Analyſis and Geneſis*, and all this to confute an *Artificiall ſperm* or *firſt Matter*. Whom doſt thou oppoſe in this thou Coxcomb? *Eugenius*, or *thy ſelfe*? Thou art ſuch an *obſtinate malicious Foole*, thou doſt condemn an Art thou doſt no way underſtand. But I paſſe on to thy laſt Argument, which is *materiall*, for it is *true*. *If there were any ſuch matter* (ſayſt thou) *as I mean ſo fit for all Forms, and yet fitted with none, it could not be kept from being match'd with one Form or other*. Thou haſt

haſt ſpoken *ſenſe* my friend, and a *Trueth* which *experience* confirmes every day. The *firſt matter* is no ſooner *born*, but it is *actuated* by the *fire* of *Nature*, and *transform'd* without *Art*, into *Animals*, *Vegetalbles*, and *Mineralls*. This I have been a frequent *Obſervator* of, and therefore I dare *ſpeake* it; but for thy *further ſatisfaction*, I referre thee to my *Magia Adamica*. As for that *fanſie* of thine, that the *firſt matter ſhould appeare before me in all ſhapes*, it is ſuch *Metaphyſics*, none but *thy ſelfe* could ſpeak it. For if the *Matter muſt appeare before me in all ſhapes*, I muſt have the *power* to *introduce all Forms*, and that is *impoſſible*, for *Man* is not *Dator Formarum*. It is *enough* for me that *Nature her ſelfe* produceth a *Threefold Family* out of this *Matter*, and that I ſee it not by *Artificiall*, but by *Naturall experience* every day. Again my friend, all *ſhapes* that *ariſe* from the

first matter appeare not in all places for example not in *England*, and therefore I cannot *see* them. This hath been obsev'd by *Virgil*, the *best* and the *wisest* of Poets;

——*Non omnis fert omnia Tellus.*

There is not any *one Climate* that produceth all *species*, but some *one*, some *another*; and the same *Poet*, though in *generall termes*, gives a *Reason* for it

Continuò has Leges æternaq; fœdera certis
Imposuit Natura Locis ——

As for that *Question* of thine, Whether *the first matter was alter'd before mine eyes to Doggs, Lions, and Ladies?* I have sufficiently *refuted it* already; but because I would discover thy *ignorance*, I will speake somthing more. Thou doest *mistake* the *sperme* of the *great world* in *generall*, for *particular specified spermes*; the *Creatures* that doest speak of, are not propagated *equivocally*, that is to say from an *universall*

verſall ſperm, but their *Generations* are *univocall*, for they are *borne* of a *particular ſeed*, which is derived *immediatly* from the bodies of their *Parents*. True it is, God made them *originally* of the *univerſall ſperm*, but afterwards they had their *ſperme* in themſelves, ſealed with a *particular Idea*, ſo that it was *determinated* and *appropriated* to their *ſpecies*. On the contrary the *ſperm* of the *great world* is *univerſall* and *determinated* to no *ſpecies* at all, till *Nature* hath firſt diſpoſed it to ſome *animall form*, and thoſe *Animalls* are not ſuch as are produced by *univocall Generations*. This is enough, and now I muſt tell thee of two abſurdities of thine; Firſt, thou art ſo *meer* a *ſchool-boy*, thou haſt miſtaken *homunculus* for *Cercopithecus*; for thou doſt allow him a *taile*, as if *Paracelſus* his *Pigmie* were a *Mooriſh Marmot*. Thou haſt indeed *two ſtrange Creatures*, and I muſt inſert

them here for posteritie, thy *animated bellowes*, and thy *man-monkie*. Thy *second fault is*, that thou shouldest be so *inconsiderate*, as to propose a *question* which returnes to thy owne disgrace. The World sufficiently knows thy *Condition*, and how *ridiculous* thou hast made *thy selfe*, by thy *nibling* and *gnawing* of my margins; Yet thou doest aske me, *If ever I made sport with the first matter in the figure of a Mouse, and plaid with the Mustachoes of it?* Truly, *my friend*, I must answer thee, and I tell thee seriously, I never *took* any *mouse* by the *Mustachoes* but the *Man-mouse*.

Observation 4.

Do you mention no life here Eugenius? but then Georgius Venetus does for you, &c. I tell thee *Mastix*, that *Georgius Venetus* mentions no life for me, nor is there any reason

Reason he should, for I did not cite him *to that end*, but to prove *that Light was not Created, but Manifested* and *Communicated* to the *Creatures*, and what is this to *Life*? But I have not done with thee thou *Moore*, thou *black Renegado*! In this *Observation* I did not only *charge* you with *Blasphemy* against *the second Person*, in that you make *him* to be a *Common Life*: But I charg'd you with *Heresie*, and an absolute *Deniall* of the *Third Person*, for in this *your Note* you make the *Holy Ghost* to be nothing else but a *naturall warmth*. What have you *answer'd* Sir to this? not one *Syllable*: you *persist* in your *damnable Opinion*, and desire not to excuse your selfe to the world.

Observation

Observation 5.

WHy it ſeems then you had a mind to write Poeticall Proſe, &c. It is thy ſtory *Maſtix*, that *Buſt of Eaton was like to whip thee for Poeticall Proſe:* Indeed thy *Tayle* may juſtly quarrell with thy *Head*; for if thy *Correction* were anſwerable to thy *Nonſenſe*, thy *Crupper* would be in perpetuall *Perſecutions*. But in good earneſt wherefore doeſt thou ſay, *I had a mind to write poeticall proſe?* was it becauſe I cited thy *verſe?* Indeed that *Ballad* is ſuch *ſtuffe* as thou *ſpeakeſt* of, neither perfect *verſe*, nor perfect *Proſe*, but a *lame uneven Hotch potch*, a *Speach* without *Style*, and a *Coplas* without *Cadence*. But roome for our *Poet!* he enters with his *Stanza* in his mouth, and a *Bull* to beare it company. *Let us* (ſaith he) bring it *all* forth *intire* into view.

The

The last Extreme the fardest off from Light
That's Natures deadly shadow, Hyle's *cell,*
O horrid Cave, and womb of dreaded night!
Mother of Witchcraft, and accursed spell,
Which nothing can availe 'gainst Israel,
No Magick can him hurt, &c.

In this your *observation* Sir, you condemned me for calling the *first matter* an *horrible empty darkneſse*, and I cited your *verſe* to diſprove your *lie* by the *ſame mouth* that *ſpoke it*. I did withall *Maſtix* annex a *Prediction*, and in theſe very words. *You will tell me perhaps you mind not the Matter, but ſomthing elſe, you know not what.* I will now ſee how *true* this *prediction* is, and verily it is all *Oracle*, for thou haſt written *thou knoweſt not what. I cannot* (ſaiſt thou) *expreſſe what I meane better than I have already in that Stanza*. Come then my friend, thy *Stanza* is *legible* though it be not *intelligible*, and now Mrs. *Stanza* what ſay ou? y ou ſay there is a *quarrell* be-

tween *Israel* and *Hyle*, or the *first m*
ter, but Mrs. *Hyle*

Can nothing avayle 'gainſt Israel

I preethee *Moore*, how came *theſe t*
to fall out? is *Hyle* one of the *Phil*
ſtines, or hath ſhe a *ſowes face*, lik
the *fatulous bewitch'd Madam*? N
forſooth, ſhe is *none* of the *former*, b
at an humble diſtance ſhe *relates* to th
l.ter: ſhe is Reader,

Mother of witchcraft, and accurſed ſpell

Sure then ſhe lives in *Lancaſhire*, o
Lapland, and verily it ſeemes in th
laſt Region, for it is *fartheſt of fro*
Light. Ha! Ha! He! I beſeech yo
Gentlemen, take notice that the *fir*
matter is a *Witch*, for it may be ſh
hath bewitch'd *Harry Moor*, and
charm'd his *ſenſe* that he can *ſpea*
nothing but *Non-ſence*.

But enough of *accurſed ſpell*, th
Moores *extreme*, which is *far fro*
Lig't, becauſe *far from Truth*. Let u
now com to the *Son* of *Nichomachus*

for this *Balladmonger* having *nothing* to ſpeak *himſelfe*, makes another ſpeak for him. I told thee *Maſtix* that *Ariſtotle's* deſcription of the *firſt matter* convey'd a *juſt nothing* to the *underſtanding*, for he deſcribes it *Nec Quid, nec Quale, nec Quantum*. To diſprove this *Speech* of mine concerning *Ariſtotle* and his *Materia prima*, thou doeſt cite a *Text* where he deſcribes *Materia ſecunda*, which his *followers* call *Materia ſignata*. But let us *apply* to the *Text* it ſelfe. Λέγω γὰρ ὅλως &c. *Dico enim* (ſaith he) *materiam, quod rei cujuſque ſubjectum eſt primum, è quo inſito, non ex accidenti aliquid oritur, et in quod, ſi quidpiam interit, ultimum abeat*. Here he ſpeaks not of a meer *Potentiality*, and ſuch is his *Materia prima*, but he ſpeakes of a ſubject *actually* exiſtent, as being a *part* of the *thing generated*: ἐξ ἐνυπαρχόντος, *è quo inſito aliquid oritur*. Again he himſelfe tells us in his *firſt booke* of

Phyſics

Physics, Chap. 7. that his *Materia prima, ortus est expers, et expers interitus*: but the *matter* here *destrib'd* is *not so*, as it appeares by the *subseqnent words* of the *Text*, which you have purposely *avoyded*; διὸ φθαρήσεται ἅπαν, πρὶν φθαρῆναι, *Quare erit interempta, antequam intereat*. Get thee gon thou *ignorant scribler*, for thou doest not understand the *Peripatetics*. They have a *twofold matter*: One that is *reall*, and *qualified* with their *præviæ dispositiones*, and this *Aristotle* defines in the *precedent Text*; Another that is *vain* and *phantastick*, for it is not in Nature ἁπλῶς, neither is it τὶ κατὰ τὶ. But how now *Harry*! doest thou undertake to correct *Greek*, when thou doest not understand *English*? I will *correct* thee and *whip* thee for an *Asse*. *My* τὶ κατὰ τὶ (saiest thou) *is a Monster*, *and hath one* τὶ too much. Readers I request your *Attention*, be pleas'd to observe this *Passage*, for my words are these,

Aristotle

Aristotles matter (which is nothing to the matter) is not in Nature ἁπλῶς, *neither is it* τι κατὰ τι. This appositt apparent Sense he hath transform'd to absolute Nonsense, and that by a ridiculous alteration of his own. *Thou wilt not say (* saith he *) that this matter is in Nature neither* ἁπλῶς, *nor* τι κατὰ τι, *as thou barbarously speakest.* Thou doest indeed *speak barbarously*, and as I told thee elsewhere, it is *very naturall* to thee; but are these my words thou *Barbarian?* I told thee *Aristotles matter* was not in *Nature* ἁπλῶς, neither was *it*, namely the *matter it selfe* τι κατὰ τι, or *Ens secundum Quid*. Where is now *thy* τι *too much*, thou senseles illiterate *Blockhead?* But because thou doest pretend to *Greek* and the *Correction* of it, I tell thee it is *Aristotles* Greek, not *mine*, for they are his *owne words*, as he is cited, not by his profest enemy *Magicus*, but by his loving friend *Magirus*: *Non autem* Materia *per se sola*

subsistit

ſubſiſtit neque κατὰ τὸ εἶναι eſt. This is h
language *lib.* 1. *Phyſicorum Cap.* 7.
there be any *Truth* in his *Proſelytes*.

Thy next *Argument* in this *Obſervation* (for I value not thy *perſonall Scandalls*, it being my deſigne to *anſwer nought*, but what *oppoſeth* m *Principles*) is againſt that *Darkneſſe* which I hold to be the *firſt matter*. *Was that darkneſſe* (ſaiſt thou) *ab æterno, or not?* I will anſwer thee *Maſtix* in plain *poſitive Engliſh*: It w *not from Eternity*. As for the *Divine Light*, had the *darkneſſe* been *ab æterno*, it could not have *ſhind* in it *ab æterno*, for it was repugnant to the *Divine Will*: the *Light* being not *manifeſted*, till He *pronouuc'd* his *ſit Lux* which was his firſt *Motion* to *Creation*. And now *my friend*, I ſhall r queſt you to publiſh *thoſe things* your next *Pamphlet*, which I have p *ſo ilfavourdly together*, that they *imply a blindneſſe in the Holy Ghoſt*.

he interim remember your *Sinn* a-gainſt that *Holy Spirit*, and repent if here be any place left for Repentance: You have Mr. *Moore* moſt *impiouſly* nd *audaciouſly* affirmed, *That the Ho-y Ghoſt was not able to ſee*.

Obſervation 6.

YES, *I ſpake of them, and moved a very materiall queſtion, &c.* In your *firſt Obſervations Maſlix*, you did much queſtion, *whether there were any ſuch Things as the Rationes Semi-nales, or no?* But being ſince *con-vinc'd*, you alter your *Quære*, and ask me what Doctor *Marcy*'s Experiment n a *Glaſs* can do, *for the confirming or he confuting the Rationes Seminales?* This is your own lubberly language, nd your *laſt part* I will anſwer to *irſt*. His *Experiment* indeed can no way *confute* the *Rationes Siminales*, ecauſe it *confirmes* them, for that which

which *confirmes*, in my opinion no way *confutes*. This is plain *Harry*, and I have made it so in order to thy *apprehension*, which is very *Dull*. Thy *first scruple* ariseth from *this last*, namely how this *Experiment can confirme the Rationes Seminales*? Truly *Mastix* thou art an Invincible *Block*, for *Reason* afords no *wedges* that can *enter* thee. Hadst thou *perus'd* and *understood* my *Book*, thou hadst not been to seek in this *thing*. But for all thy *Coxcomb* is *hard* and stupid, *Philo* the *Few* hath a *Beetle* shall *knock* it into *Sense*. Plants (*saith he*) have in them *spermaticall Principles*, in which ἀιτλοι λόγοι, or the *Rationes seminales* are made *manifest* and *visible* in their *stated Times*. Now I desire to know of thee *wherin* this *Manifestation* of the ἀιτλοι ἢ ἀφανεῖς λόγοι consists? for if they be manifested by the *outward figure* or *shape* of the *individuall*, which is *true*: then this *inward figure* and *appearance*

pearance, or to ſpeake properly, this *impreſſe* of the *Idea* in the *looſe fluid principles*, muſt needs *be* a moſt excellent invincible *confirmation* of the λόγοι. Thus Sir, have you your *Queſtion* anſwered, and now I proceed to your next *Notable*.

Obſervation 7.

SO then Anthropoſophus, this is the Story, &c. My *words* Reader, at which he *carps*, are theſe. *But you are to be admoniſhed, there is a twofold Idea, Divine and Naturall.* This diſtinction I made uſe of, becauſe ſome *learned Authors* have call'd the *fiery created Spirit* an *Idea*, though in a proper *ſtrict ſenſe* it be *none*. The *ſtory* then runs thus: This *Diſtinction* is good in the *ſenſe* of thoſe *Authors*, and in that reſpect only have I *us'd* it, for it is very neceſſary if we would rightly *underſtand them*, and not *confound* the

Ideal

Ideal Veſtiment, with the true *Idea* ſelfe. What ſaiſt thou now *Harry Moor?* canſt thou *burſt thy halter with laughing?* Bleſſe thy ſelfe from a *Melancholy fit*, I am afraid thou wilt be *hang'd* in it.

Having thus ſnarl'd and cavill'd *Maſſix*, in the next place thou doeſt cite *Philo Iudæus* to *confirme* that which thou doeſt indeavour to *confute*. I alwaies took thee for my *Adverſary*, but it ſeems thou art my *ſecond*, or ſome *third thing*, that is both *friend* and foe. Deſiſt I prithee from theſe *kind Offices*, I am ſufficiently *perſwaded* of the *Truth*, without thy *Aſſiſtance*. But *News* Gentlemen, *News*! A third *Idea*, which is neither the *true Idea*, nor the *veſtiment* thereof, and yet it may be *truly call'd an Idea*. I prithee *Harry* what *ſubſtance* is this *Idea?* Remember to *anſwer* me in thy *next*, in the *interim* we will heare what the *Rabbi Philo* ſaith. *Plants* (ſaith he)

have

have in them σπερματικὰς ἰδέας, or *seminall Substances, in which the hidden and invisible forms of all Things are manifested, and become visible by Circumvolutions of seasons.* I tell thee *Mastix*, these *invisible Forms* or λόγοι, are the very *same Essences* which he cals ἀϊδίους ἰδέας, those very *invisible plants*, which *Moses* tels us *God* had *created*, before ever they *grew out of the ground.* Now my friend, me thinks I see thee like *one* of the *Monocoli*, hopping on a *single leg*, for I have taken away thy *Crutch*, and *broke* thy *Gate* with it. But shall I tell thee wherefore thou hast *cited* this *place?* It is because *Philo Judæus* is *Philo-mastix*, the *Jew* speaks *like* the *Christian*, he hath here spoken a *Bull*, and that is the *Reason* of thy *Citation.* In *Plants* (saith he) *and their seminall Substances are manifested* εἰς λόγους τῶν ὅλων, *the forms of all Things.* Ha! ha! he! what the *Forms* of *all Things* manifested in

plants? It seems then the *Forms* of *Men*, *Beasts*, and *Birds* are *manifested* in *Herbs*, in those *Jewish* and *Moorish Pandects* of *Vegetables*.

Observation. 12.

HEre I told you, *that you incompassing all with the Empyreall Substance, you had left no Roome for Evening and Morning upon the Mass of the Earth*, &c. Roome enough *my friend*, had you but read my Book; but you will confute what you *can*, and *omit* what you *cannot*. Whose *words* are *these* Master *Mastix?* are they *mine*, or *yours? But the splendor of the word expelling the Darknesse downwards, it became more settl'd and compact towards the Center, and made a Horrible thick Night.* I know where thou art Doctor *Bellows*. Thou wouldst have

Effects

Effects to *precede* their *Causes*: Thou doest look for *Regular*, *Common Dayes* and *Nights*, before the *frame* of the *world* was *perfected*. Get thee gon thou *Scribler*, and tell me if this be *Reason* or *Inspiration*. But I have said, that the *Empyreall substance made the first day without a Sun*. It is very *true*, for there was no *Sun* then; and it made the *first Day* because it imparted the first *naturall Light*, which *properly* and in a *Physicall Sense* is the only *Day*; but this *first* day did not hinder the *first Night*, for the *Darkneſſe* and *Visard* of the *Chaos* remained still *below*.

This is all thou canst speak against my *first Day*; but to *Quench* its full *Lustre* and *Shine*, thou doest interpose *thy Clouds*, those *fanatic Meteors*, and vaporous *Sublimations* of thy *Braine*. Towards the *End* of my *Twelfth Observation* I did sufficiently *prove*, that thy hanging *Bottles* or *Clouds*, could

not possibly *consist* with the *Text* of *Moses*, and my *Arguments* against *thee* were *these*. First of all, The *Firmament*, whose *office* it was to *divide* the *waters* from the *waters*, was made on the *Second Day*; but there were no *Clouds* then; therefore the *Divided Waters* must signifie *something else*. Secondly, *Harry Moore* himself did *insist* on the *Letter* of the *Text*; but the *Letter* mentions not the *Division* of *Clouds*, but expresly the Division of *waters* from *waters*, *Ergo*, &c. What *Reply* hast thou made to these *Objections*, thou *Deiforme Universalized Thing*? Seriously my friend, thy *Mouth* is *muzzl'd*, there is a *Cramp* in thy *Tongue*, and thou hast most *basely*, and *cowardly* avoyded my *charge*. But thou art a *kind* of *Souldiour*, a certaine *offensive Lanspriſade*, thou doest fall on my *Rere* like *Sparr* on *Gustavus Adolphus*, and my *last Argument*, is the *first* thou doest take

in

in hand. In this *Objection* I told thee, That the *waters* mention'd by *Moſes* were *above* the *Firmament*, that is to ſay *above* the *Aire*; but the *Clouds* are *in* the *Aire*, not *above* it, *Ergo*, &c. What ſayſt thou to this *Harry*? Truly *Harry* anſwers very *wiſely*, but he is as far from the *wiſdome* of *Solomon*, as he is from the *meekneſſe* of *Moſes*. He indeavours Reader, to prove *two Things*, and *both theſe* in oppoſition to my *Argument*. Firſt, *That Scripture ſpeaks according to the outward Appearance of Things to Senſe and vulgar Conceit of men*. Secondly, *That following this Rule, we ſhall find the Extent of the world to be bounded no higher than the Clouds, or thereabouts*.

As to the *Firſt*, it is granted, That the *Scripture* in many places ſpeaks [illegible], but in *this place* not *ſo*, as we ſhall *prove* hereafter. As to the *Second*, the *Scripture* no where af-

firmes, that the *Extent of the world is terminated in the Clouds*. These are my *Assertions*; and lest I seem to *assert* without *reason*, I will now bring in my *proofs*. For the *first position*, namely that the *Scripture* doth not *speak* in this *place*, in the *vulgar sense*, we shall appeale to the place it *self*, and if we credit *Moses*, this is his Text. *And God said, Let there be a Firmament in the middest of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters. And God made the Firmament, and divided the waters which were under the Firmament, from the waters which were above the Firmament, and it was so.* Here we see that the *inferior* and *superior waters* were *præexistent* to the *Firmament*, as it is *clear* from the *posiure* of it: *Let there be a Firmament in the midst of the waters.* Now the *Firmament*, as I have formerly urg'd, was made on the *Second Day*, and there were no *Clouds* then,

then, that the *aire* might be *plac'd* between *them* and the *inferior waters*: so that the *ſuperior waters* cannot be *raine-water*, and this *Moſes* himſelf tels us expreſly: *For the Lord God had not caus'd it to raine on the earth, and there was not a Man to till the Ground*: *But* (ſaith he on the ſixth Day) *there went up a miſt from the earth, and watered the whole face of the ground.* Thus we ſee that the firſt miſt, and raine was upon the ſixth day, but none at all upon the ſecond, when the Firmament was plac'd in the midſt of the waters. It is plaine then that the *Moſaicall ſuperior waters* are my *Inter-ſtellar miraculous waters*, and not the *clouds* of *Harry Moore*. This *expoſition* is confirmed by *Uriel* the *Angell*, where he propounds theſe *Queſtions* to *Eſdras*. *Goe thy way: weigh me the weight of the fire, or meaſure me the blaſt of the wind, or call me again the day that is paſt.* Theſe

Quæres the *Angell* makes *nothing* of, as being *grounded* upon *ordinary* and *known Objects*. *I have asked thee* (ſaith he) *but of fire, and wind, and of the day, whereby thou haſt paſſed, and from which thou canſt not be ſeparated.* In this Text *Maſtix*, I obſerve that *Uriel* makes your *wings* of the *wind*, or your *clouds* but common *obvious things*, but the *ſuperior waters* he makes to be *unknown*, and more *remote ſubſtances*. If *I ſhould aske the* (ſaith he) *how deep dwellings are in the midſt of the Sea, or how great ſprings are in the beginning of the depth, or how great ſprings are in the ſtretching out of the Heaven, or which are the borders of Paradiſe? Peradventure thou wouldſt ſay unto me, I never went down to the deep, nor yet to the Hell, neither did I ever climb up to Heaven.* Here we ſee it is a more *difficult matter* to know thoſe *ſprings* which are in the *ſtretching out* of the

Heaven

Heaven, than to know the *wind*, and other *tumultuous motions*, which are here *hard by us* in the *middle Region*.

But this *truth* cannot only be proved by *Authority*, I will also establish it by *reason*. The *office* of the *Firmament*, for which God made it, was *to divide* both *waters*, and the *Firmament* was no sooner *made*, but the *waters* were *divided*: for saith the Scripture, *And God made the Firmament, and divided the waters which were under the Firmament, from the waters which were above the Firmament, and it was so*: That is to say, the waters *remain'd divided*. Now the *clouds* doe not *remaine divided*, neither doth *nature* intend any such *division*, but indeed an absolute *union*: for she *draws* those *waters up*, of purpose to *powre* them *down* againe, for *Irrigation* and *Fertilitie* of these *lower parts*. On the contrary the *waters* mention'd by *Moses* were *divided* by

the

the *Firmament* on the *second day*, and this *division* still continues, for the *superior waters* are not *vanishing momentarie vapours*, but an *Integral Constitutive part* of the *world*.

I have now *Mastix* confuted thy *first non-sense*, thy *second* is, *To shew that the Extent of the world is to be bounded* (as thou doest barbarously expresse it) *no higher than to the clouds*. The *consequence* of this *bounding businesse is*, that the *upper waters* can be nothing else but the *clouds*, because by this accompt the *clouds* will prove the *upper parts* of the world. O *Harry Moore*, what a miserable *Sophister* art thou! These *clouds* have made a meer *Nebulo* of thee, they have totally *eclips'd* thy *intellectuals*. Truly my friend, thou art all *Balderdash*, and I must have thee *cork'd* up in these *hanging Bottles* of thine for *Tiff*: It may be thy *Mother* will take thee out to *fill* her *Pocula Sacra*. The *Scripture*

(sayst

(ſayſt thou) in ſome expreſſions doth *comply* with the *vulgar erroneons* conceits of men, and delivers things not as *they are*, but as they *ſeeme* to *be*. From this *weakneſſe* of *Man*, and the *complyance* of *Scriptures* therewith, doeſt thou *argue* againſt the *things* themſelves: Becauſe the *Text* ſpeaks as things *ſeeme* to *bee*, therefore they can *be no otherwiſe*. Doeſt thou not *grant* the *common conceits* of *men* to be *Erroneous*? If ſo, the complying *Scripture-phraſe* is *Erroneous* too, and ſo thy *argument* is *no argument*. But in good earneſt, what *man* ever *did*, or *doth* fanſie the *clouds* to be the *higheſt parts* of the *world*? Certainly the *ſtars* with their *blue Heavens* (as thou doſt ſtyle them) and (if he be not *blind*) his own *eyes* will tell him the *contrary*. Bring me but *one man*, that is of this *opinion*, and I will *ſubſcribe* to all the *non-ſenſe* thou haſt ſpoken. Thou art indeed *Maſtix* an impudent fellow,

thou

thou doeſt yoke *Moſes* with *Plinie* and make the profound *Jews* thy *Peers*, and *Companions*. The *world* (ſayſt thou) *is extended no higher than the aire, according to Scripture, as it is apparent*. What *Scripture* is this, thou *Scribler*? Is there nothing mention'd in the *Scriptures* that is *higher* than the *clouds*? what is become then of the *Sun*, *Moon*, and *Stars*? Peace my friend! the *interſtellar waters* are clearly *ſignified there*, and that by the *Pen* of *Moſes*. *Then went up* Moſes *and* Aaron, Nadab *and* Abihu, *and ſeventy of the Elders of* Iſrael: *And they ſaw the God of* Iſrael, *and under his feet was as it were a work of Saphir ſtone, and as it were the body of Heaven, when it is clear*. This *body* of *Heaven* is the *interſtellar ſubſtance*, which is *water*, and this is that *water above* the *Firmament*, which God *divided* from the *waters* which were *under* the *Firmament*. But let us ſee what

Exod. Cap. 24. ver. 9, 10.

what this *Moore* can say in order to his *non-sense*, namely that the *clouds are the highest parts of the world.* He proves it reader by the *Text*, and these are the *Scriptures* he musters. *God layeth the beams of his Chambers in the waters*; and therefore the *waters* are the *house top*, the very *pinnacles*, because the *beams are layd in them.* Ha! ha! he! But there is something more behind: *He maketh the clouds his Chariot, and walketh upon the wings of the wind. He rideth upon the Heavens, his way is in the whirlwind, and the clouds are the dust of his feet. He rideth upon the Heavens by his name* Jah, *he rideth upon the Heaven of Heavens of old. His excellency is over* Israel, *and his strength is in the clouds.* I protest *Harry*, here is not *one word* concerning the *height* of the *clouds*, but if thou canst *take* the *height* of them by these *Scriptures*, thou mayst aswell *prove* the *Text* to

be

be a *Facobs-staffe*. But oh me! now I see the *mysterie* of it: Here is an *Inference*, a *Logicall Deduction* of *Harry*. The *clouds* are the *higheſt parts* of the *world*, becauſe *God* is ſaid to *be* in the *Clouds*. Ha! ha! he! I prithee *Maſtix*, in what *ſenſe* is *God* ſaid to *be* in the *Clonds*? Doeſt thou thinke the *Clouds* are his *Heaven*, and his *dwelling place*? O thou ſtupified, Blockiſh *Marrano*! His *power* indeed is *manifeſted* there by certaine *naturall effects*, and in this *ſenſe* he is not only in the *Clouds*, but in every *naturall thing*. As for the *Heavens* wherein *God* dwels, the *Hebrews* call them שמים, *Cælos illos admirabiles, famigeratos illos nunquam viſos, nec mortalibus oculis videndos*. But in thy large *Tropo-logicall ſenſe* God dwels in *every thing*, and in the *Sea* here *below*, as well as in the *Clouds* above it. *They that goe down* (ſaith the *Pſalmiſt*) *to the Sea in ſhips, and are buſied in great*

waters,

waters, They see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. Thus *David*: and with him *Habakkuk* the *Prophet*, who makes *God* to *walk* in the *Sea*. *God* (saith he) *came from* Teman, *and the holy one from mount* Paran; *His glory covered the Heavens, and the Earth was full of his praise. His brightnesse was as the light, he had light comming out of his hands, and there was the hiding of his power. Hee stood, and measured the Earth: he beheld, and drove asunder the nations; the everlasting mountains were scatter'd, the ancient Hils did bow, his wayes are everlasting. Was the Lord angry with the Rivers? or was thine anger against the Floud? or was thy wrath against the Sea, that thou didst ride upon thine Horses, thy Chariots of salvation? Thou didst walk in the Sea with thine Horses, upon the heap of great waters.* Shall I now conclude *Mastix*, that the *Sea* is the

highest

Higheſt part of the *world*, becauſe God is ſaid to *be* in the *Sea*? Fie upon thee, thou *ſcribler*! Go and expound *Des Chartes* to thy *Pupills*, but apply not thy *clutches* to the *ſcriptures*.

Thy ſecond Argument *Maſtix*, is taken from theſe *ſubſequent verſicles* of the Pſalmiſt. *Thy mercy O Lord, is in the Heavens, and thy faithfullnes reacheth unto the Cloudes*. And elſewhere, *Thy mercy is great unto the Heavens, and thy Trueth unto the Cloudes*. And again, *Thy mercy is great above the Heavens, and thy trueth reacheth above the Cloudes*. Theſe are the places cited *Harry*, and now what is thy *Inference*? That the *Heavens* are of one and the ſame height with the *Cloudes*. Ha! Ha! He! Doth the *Text* tell thee ſo thou *Moore*! Queſtionles the quite contrary: for what is above the *Heavens*, muſt needs be above the *Cloudes*. But if thou doeſt thinke either the *viſible Heavens*, or the

the *Cloudes* to be the *dwelling* place of God, thou art miſtaken, for he *dwells* above them *both*; as the ſame Pſalmiſt tells thee. *Who is like unto the Lord our God, who hath his dwelling on high? who abaſeth himſelfe to behold Things in Heaven and in the Earth*. This is plaine my friend, and needs not my *Expoſition*.

Thy Third and laſt Objection is from the *cloudy Heaven*, wherin the Pſalmiſt placeth the *Sun*; for if the *Sun* be in the *cloudy Heaven*, it is therfore (ſaiſt thou) in the *Cloudes*, and by conſequence the *Cloudes* are the *upper parts* of the *world*. This is falſe, for the *Sun it ſelfe* is not the higheſt part of the *world*, and therefore not any *place* wherin the *Sun* is. Secondly the *cloudy Heaven* ſignifies not the *cloudes themſelves*, but *Heaven* is ſo called becauſe it is *overcaſt* with the *Cloudes*. As for the word שחק which ſignifies *comminuere*, it is indeed very *appoſi*,

for it relates to the *Action* of *Heaven*, whose *heate rarifies* the *water* into *Cloudes*, and in this *sense* is *Heaven* stiled בשחק *ab effectu*; because it calls up the *Cloudes* by *rarefaction* or *comminution* of the *water*, and so *overcasts* it selfe. But heare me my *Harry*, what is all this to thy *Gloss a notabilis*, That the Psalmist doth *place* the *Sun* in the *Cloudes*? verely nothing at all: I must een forgive the, thou hast mistaken the *Sun* for one of the *Parelii*. Having thus alleged, and falsely interpreted the Scriptures: Thou dost at last returne to thy owne Naturall Non-sense. *Moses* (saist thou) *call'd the Sun and Moon the two great Lights, making nothing as it were of the Starrs; but one Star of the first magnitude is about nine hundred thousand times bigger than the Moone, which notwithstanding according to the Letter of Moses is one of the two great lights.* What is the Consequence *Ma-*

stix,

ſtix, to this preamble? forſooth a very *ſophicall* one; The *Sun* and *Moone* are placed by *Harry Moore* in the *cloudes, and now* (ſaith he) *it will not be more harſh to make the Starrs ſtoop ſo low too*. Truly my friend this is very *harſh*: we have the *Sun*, *Moon* and *Starrs* all of them placed in the *Clouds*, an *Hypotheſis* that agrees with no vulgar conceit whatſoever, but much leſſe with the *Text* of *Moſes*. Surely the *laſt day* is at hand,

——*Offilus Aſtra*
Mixturus—— The *ſtarrs* are precipitated towards the *Earth*, and *toſſed* in the *cloudes* like a *dogg* in a *blanket*. O rare and wholſome Philoſophie! well! ſince it muſt needs be ſo, let us know to what *purpoſe* they are here *plac'd*. *The appearances of the Starrs at this diſtance* (ſaith *Harry Moore*) *will ſufficiently ſet out their proportions to our ſight, and the Sun and Moon* (*according to this Hypothe-*

sis) will proove the two great Lights, and the Starrs but scatterd skie-pebles. Marke Reader, and if thou doest not *laugh*, I will never forgive thee. The *Moone* and a *star* of the *first magnitude* being plac'd at the *same distance* from our *sight*, namely in the *Cloudes*; *This star* of the *first magnitude*, which is *nine hundred thousand times* bigger than the *Moone*, will appeare to us no *bigger* than a *peble*, but the *Moone* it selfe will proove a *great Light*. Ha! ha! he! This is not *sublim'd*, but *precipitated Astronomicall Non-sense*. But come thou prodigious Foole! I must have one *pass* more with thee. In what *booke* of *Moses* doest thou *read*, that he *makes nothing as it were of the starrs*? His words in *Genesis*, which is the only place where he mentions the *creation* of the *starrs*, are these. *And God made two great Lights, the greater Light to rule the day, and the lesser Light to rule the night: He made the Starrs*

also.

alſo. Here he calls the *Sun* and *Moone* the *two great Lights*, which is true enough, for the *Sun* is the *Fountain of Light*, and is more *luminous* than any of the *fixed Stars*, or *planets*. He doth not ſay the *ſun* is the *greater Body*, he only ſaies it is the *greater Light*, becauſe it hath *more light* in it. As for the *ſtarrs*, he makes them neither *great* nor *ſmall*; for he ſpeakes of them *ſans circumſtances*, in theſe plain Termes, *He made the ſtarrs alſo*. Indeed the *ſtarrs* ſeeme to be the *leſſer bodies*, becauſe they are at a *greater diſtance* from us, but to place *them* and the *Planets* at an *equall remove*, and then to call them *pebles*, is to *make a nothing of the ſtarrs*, as thou haſt *barbarouſly* done. Fie upon thee! thou maſter of *Arts*! I am for my part aſham'd of thee.

Observation 13.

SO *you did* Philalethes, *and I perceive you will doe so againe*, &c. Yes verily *Mastix*: I doe againe call the *Ptolomaic system* a *rumbling confused Labyrinth*. But you are grown *Censorious*, and aske *Questions* as if your *Breech* were of the *Quorum*. *Prithee tell me* (saith Justice *Moore*) *doest thou meane the Heavens rumble?* Be sure Sir, that your *Clerk* records what this *Examinat* deposeth. I say the *naturall liquid Heavens* which God made, doe *not rumble*: but the *solid*, *phantastic*, *Ptolomaic system* (if there were any such thing) would *rumble* most *terribly*, for there *could* be no *motion*, but the *Orbes* must needs *break* one another to *pieces*. Thus have I answer'd your *worships* first *Question*, and I am at leasure to heare your *second*. *Doest thou meane*

(saith

(ſaith this *Alaz*) *that the Labyrinth rumbles?* This is the *Quære*, and now *Ignoramus* pleads to the point. *No body* (ſaith he) *will ſay the Heavens, or a Labyrinth doth rumble, but ſuch as are no Engliſhmen, as you ſay ſomewhere you are not, and ſo doe not underſtand the language.* For my part, I *profeſſe* I am no *Engliſhman*, neither would I be *taken* for *ſuch*, though I *love* the *nation* aſwell as *thy ſelf*: And for their *language*, if I did not *underſtand* it, yet I might underſtand *Labyrinth*, for it is not *Engliſh*, but *Greek*. But to come to thy *Queſtion*, I ſay that by *Labyrinth* I underſtand the *confuſed Ptolomaic Syſtem*, not an *Artificiall Fabric* built here on *Earth*, and this *Labyrinth* (if there were *any ſuch*) would *rumble*, in ſpite of all *Engliſhmen*, and their *Language*.

Having now done with my *Labyrinth*, this *Engliſhman* drives his own *wheel-barrow*, and aske me, *Is a wheel-*

barrow a Bull? No *Maſtix*, but a *confuſed wheel-barrow* is *ſuch*. To this he anſwers very paſſionatly: *I added not confuſed to wheel-barrow, thats thy doing, thou Author of confuſion!* Sirrah *Moore!* my words are theſe: *a rumbling confuſed Labyrinth*. Here you ejected my *Labyrinth*, and did *put in* your own *wheel-barrow*, ſo that your *Bull* remains: for though you added not *confuſed* to *wheel-barrow*, yet you added *wheel-barrow* to *confuſed*, which is *one* and the *ſame Bull*.

Your next Quarrell *Maſtix*, is with thoſe *Epithets* which I beſtow'd on the *Epicycles*, I call'd them *ſmall* and *Diminutive*. Come then *Knipperdoling*! Let me ſee what thou canſt ſay to the contrary. *The Semi-diameter* (ſayſt thou) *of Saturns Epicycle is to the Semi-diameter of his Eccentrick, at leaſt as* 1 *to* 10, *and the Semi-diameter of* Jupiters *Epicycle to the Semi-diameter of his Eccentrick more*

than

than as 1 *to* 6. Very good, *Harry Moore*! and therefore say I, they are *small Diminutive Epicycles*. But this is not it that *Harry* would overthrow, he sees well enough that I am *invincible*. I have spoken *something else*, and thats it which makes him spend *two pages* to confute *one phrase* of his *own*. I said that *Epicycles* were *Mites in a Cheese*, and this *proportion* is that which he *disputes* against. Ha! ha! he! It is thy *own phrase* thou *Moores face*! and is it not *lawfull* for me to returne thy *Quibble*, but my *Jest* must be a *Mathematicall position*? How doe I *kick* thee like a *Foot-ball*, thou senseless, insipid *Mulatto*!

Observation 23.

HEre *I have you fast* Philalethes, *for all your wriggling*, &c. Nay prithee now! that I hope thou wilt not say. How *fast* am I *Mastix*? Certainly

Certainly as faſt as a *Bird* in the *Aire*. I ſaid in my *Anthropoſophia*, That the *Aire* was *Corpus vitæ ſpiritus noſtri ſenſitivi, our Animal oile, the fuell of our vital ſenſuall fire, without which we cannot ſubſiſt a minute*. *Harry Moore* in his *Obſervations* concludes from theſe words, that I *have given* Ariſtotle *one of his two Elements againe*; and thus he proves it; *If our vital and animal ſpirits be nouriſhed by the Ayr, then the Aire is an Element of our Body*. I dare boldly, and without any *Injury* to thee affirme, Thou doeſt not know what an *Element* is, nor what the *word* ſignifies. The *Aire* indeed is *one principle* in our *whole frame*, but every *principle* is not an *Element*. If thou doeſt think this ſtrange, I will teach thee by an *inſtance* thou art more *capable* of: Our *ſoule* is a *principle*, but notwithſtanding our *ſoule* is no *Element*. But ſayſt thou, I have made the *Ayr rather a*

Compound

Compound than an Element, and this to *ſave my ſelf* from thy *Objection*. Indeed thou doeſt not underſtand *common Engliſh*, and therefore by thy *own Logic* thou art no *Engliſhman*. I told thee thou didſt conclude the *Aire* an *Element*, becauſe I call'd it *Oyle* and *Fuell*; but I told thee again, it had been more *tollerable* in thee to think it a *Compound*, made of *Elements*, for ſuch are *Oyle* and *Fuel*. Doe I here affirme that the *Aire* is a *thing compounded* and *made* of the *Elements*? Surely *no*: I tell thee of thy *Abſurditie*, for my *Metaphors* and *expreſſions* of the *Aire* being *Oyl* and *Fuel*, it had been more *rationall* in *thee* to conclude it a *thing made* of *Elements*, than an *Element*, for ſuch are *Oyle* and *Fuel*. But what *non-ſenſe* have we here towards the *end* of this twenty third *note*? Thou ſayeſt that *Aire is no more a compound than the Earth, and than Water, which nouriſheth by Drinking, aſ-*

well as the Aire can doe by breathing. Why Sirrah *Cobler!* doeſt thou ſtill goe beyond thy *laſt?* how dareſt thou ſpeak of thoſe things thou doeſt not underſtand? I tell thee the *Aire* is not ſo much a Compound as *Earth* and *Water*, for *Aire* is *Compoſitum de ſimplicibus*, but *Earth* and *Water* are *Compoſita de Compoſitis.*

Obſervation 24.

NO *it cannot*, &c. Why then thou haſt ſpoken a *Bull*, for if *darkneſſe* cannot be call'd a *Maſſe*, as thou doeſt here *confeſſe*, in what *ſenſe* haſt thou *call'd* it *ſo?* Thou wilt tell me perhaps thou haſt call'd it ſo in *non-ſenſe*, and this indeed is *naturall* to *thee.* But I am grown very ignorant on a ſuddain, I cannot *diſtinguiſh* between *Abſtracts* and *Concretes.* Yes, I can *Maſtix*, but to *which* of *theſe* doeſt thou *apply* thy

thy *Maſſe?* to the *Darkneſſe*, which is the *Abſtract*, or to the *thin vaporous matter*, which is the *Concrete?* It can be *applyed* (ſayſt thou) *to neither*: why then my friend thou haſt ſpoken a *Bull* both *in Abſtracto*, and *in Concreto*, and this is the *Bull* of *Baſan*. But thou haſt left the *darkneſſe* at laſt, and now thou doeſt fall on the *Secondary matter*, which as I told thee formerly, is a *ponderous, white, radiant water*. It may be this *water* is thy *Concrete*, and ſo thou doeſt call a *white water* a *dark Maſſe*, which is indeed a *Bull rampant*. But enough of theſe *Buls*, let us now come to the reſt of thy *Cattell*, which thou doeſt call *arguments*. It is a *contradiction* (ſayſt thou) to ſay *that the Chaos contain'd in a leſſe compaſſe all that was after extracted*. How doeſt thou prove this Doctor *Bellowes? Condenſation and Rarefaction* (ſaith this Diſputant) *according to the common notion of the*

Schools

Schools implie a contradiction, for in Condensation and Rarefaction there is the Generation or Deperdition of no new matter. What is the *Ergo* to this long *Antecedent?* I prithee tell us *Harry Moore. All matter* (saith he) *hath impenetrable Dimensions, Therefore if the extracted Heavens lay within the compasse of the Masse, they possest the same space with the Masse, and did penetrat dimensions.* Ha! ha! he! here is a rare, and a goodly *consequence.* If the *spirit* of *wine* lies within the *compound*, or *whole body* of *wine*, then it doth *possesse* the *same space* with the *body* it self, and therefore at the *Globe-Tavern* there is *Penetration* of *Dimensions.* But the best *Jest* is, that he infers a *Penetration* of *Dimensions* from a quite *contrary Principle*, namely *because Dimensions are impenetrable*: for from those *very words* doth he deduce his *therefore.* I tell thee thou *Scribler*, that the extracted Heavens,

were

were *part* of the *Maſſe*, and the *parts lye* in the *whole* very *naturally*, and without any *Penetration* of *Dimenſions*. This is *plaine*, for the *Chaos*, being diminiſhed by *extraction* or *ſeparation* of its *parts*, did not *fill* ſo great a *ſpace* as it did, when it was *intire*, and not *diminiſhed*. It is *manifeſt* then, that the *ſpace* of the *whole Chaos*, and the *ſpace* which the *ſeparated parts* did *fill*, cannot be *one* and the *ſame ſpace*. What a *Tranſcendent Blockhead* art *thou?* Thou canſt not conceive thoſe things which are evident even to *Children*, and to all *Fooles* but thy ſelf:

Obſervation 26.

TO *ſay nothing to thy fond Cavil at words in thy former Obſervation*, &c. Here Maſter *Maſtix*, you examine my *Fundamentals*, but tell me *Sirrah*, doe

doe you *understand* them? if not, how dare you *judge* them? I *should* (say you) *have told you, what Earth is in generall, before I told you there was a threefold earth.* Tell me thou *Coxcomb*! what doest thou understand by a *generall Earth?* An *Abstract*, and a *Creature* of the *Braine?* This is a *Principle* to be *defin'd* in your *Sciences*, which are *not Sciences*, but conceited ridiculous *inventions.* I know no *earth*, but what is a *particular sensible subject*, and it was my *design* to lay down *naturall*, not *phantasticall Principles.* As for the *Element* of *Earth*, I did discourse of it *generally*, as also of the *Water*, and that *before* I came to this *division.* But you make bold to tell me of *Logic*, and that *every precept of Art should be* Καθ' ὅλα πρῶτον. Instance in any *precept* of *mine* that should be *so*, and prove it to be *otherwise* if thou darest. Alas poor *sneake* thou doest say *much*, but thou doest

prove

prove *nothing*. Thy next *ſcratch* is at the *Magnet*, and here thou telleſt me, *thou haſt as ſubſtantially confuted it, as merily*. Tell me where *Maſtix*, that I may *anſwer* thee, for on my ſoule I cannot *find* it. Thou doeſt only ſay, *thou haſt intimated* (but no man knows *where*) *that this præcept of Art is not* κατα φυσιν. It was thy *duty* to *prove* it is not ſo, and when thou doeſt *attempt* that, I will *diſprove* thee. But thou haſt an *argument* againſt *it* at laſt, and I prithee tell us what *time* haſt thou *ſpent* in framing this *toole*. This *Doctrine* of the *Magnet* (ſaith *Harry Moore*) *hath no diſcovery by reaſon, or experience*. It ſeems thou haſt not read my *Deſcription* of the *Magnet*, and a moſt ſtrange *performance* doeſt thou *undertake*, to *confute* thy *adverſary*, before thou haſt *perus'd* him. I told thee this *principle* was the *myſterie* of *union*, and *without it* there could be no *Influentiall deſcent*, for it was

that which reconcil'd *extreams*, and made *inferiors* and *ſuperiors* communicat. Can there be a *greater reaſon* produc'd, then ſuch a *neceſſitie* as is here *ment ion'd*, ſuch an uſefull *office* and *mediation*? But come hither thou *Maſter* of *Arts*! Art thou a *Diſciple* of *Plato*, and haſt thou not *read* in the *Platonics* of ſuch a *principle* as *this*? Thou art indeed a blockiſh illiterat *Scribler*, but *deny* this *Magnet* if thou *wilt*, and *oppoſe* it if thou dareſt. Now Maſter *Moore*, I muſt tell thee of a horrible, intollerable *Bull* of thine. *It is not uncivill* (ſayſt thou) *nor abuſive to call one a pickpocket, that is not ſo.* Ha! ha! he! *Readers* how doe you! have a care you doe not *laugh* your ſelves out of *breath.*

Obſervation 29.

BUt Magicus *is too wiſe to underſtand him*, &c. You mean *Saint Fohn*

John, but if I doe not *understand* him, why doe not you *confute* my *interpretation* of his *Text*? Art not thou asham'd to *prate*, and *prove* nothing? *Paradise* (say you) *is in a pure clear mind*, but say I, this is a *Bull*, for a *pure clear mind* is in *Paradise*, unlesse thou doest make the *soule* to be the *same* with the *Region* or *Habitation* of the *soule*. If thou art so impudent, *Christ Jesus* shall rebuke *thee*, who tels us expresly, *There are many Mansions in his Fathers house*, and promiseth a *possession* to the *Thief* on the Crosse, *To day shalt thou bee with me in Paradise*.

Observation 32.

HEre *in answer to my Objection thou telleſt me*, &c. Here *Mastix* thou doest *lie* most impudently, *I told thee not* (sayst thou) *what operations*

were proper to Ruach, *and what to* Nepheſn: *whether in this the Divine life were ſeated, in that the Animal and fleſhly Reaſon.* It is a *ſhame* for *thee* to have written *Obſervations* upon my *Anthropoſophia*, when (as it now plainly appears) thou haſt *not read* it. Face about my friend, and *peruſe* it once more: I have written ſomething there concerning the *forbidden fruit*, bee pleas'd to review that *part* of my *diſcourſe*, and thou wilt find thy *Queſtions* anſwered at *large.*

Obſervation 34.

YEs, it is one of thoſe three deſigns, &c. In this place thou doeſt indeavour to make me *guiltie* of a proud, ridiculous *deſign*; to find out *new truths, that were never known to any before me.* This impudent *Tumor* thou doeſt *falſly* and *fooliſhly* deduct from

from theſe *words* of mine.

And now Reader, Arrige aures: *Come on without prejudice, and I will tell thee that which never hitherto hath been diſcovered.* Now *Maſtix*, where is thy *argument?* for here are my *words.* I ſee my *friend*, I ſee thy *naturall non-ſenſe.* Becauſe it was never *publickly diſcovered before* to the Readers, *Ergo* it was *never known before.* Ha! ha! he! What a ſenſeleſſe ridiculous *Goblin* art thou! for ſhame *deſiſt*, or if thou wilt *write*, get a *Nurſe* to teach thee *Engliſh.* But you have another *Bullet* in your *Elder-gun*; this *diſcovery* of mine is *none* at all, the *thing* was publiſhed before: *it is a known notion amongſt the Chriſtian Platoniſts.* Away thou ſplenetic, envious *Quack*! Why haſt thou not *cited* one of thoſe *Platoniſts?* Thou wilt ſay perhaps I did not *call* for thy *proof.* It is *falſe* thou ſneaking *Coward*! I dar'd thee to it in theſe very words.

But prithee Maſtix, *what Platoniſt did ever tell thee that* Anima Mundi *was the forbidden fruit? They knew not what to make of that ſenſitive guſt thou doeſt talk of, neither didſt thou, till my Book came to thy hands.* Here I have put *them* and *thee* too under the *Hatches*: if thou doeſt not reſpect thy *friends*, yet faile not hereafter to *anſwer* for thy *ſelf*.

Obſervation. 35.

Your anſwer then to this Obſervation is this. That the ſoule is propagated as Light is from Light. That there is a multiplication without deciſion, or diviſion, &c. Thou art right for once, *Maſtix*, and in this place I have the fortune to be *underſtood*. But let us ſee what *Engines* and *Batteries* are planted againſt this *truth*. Thou doeſt *refer* me to the *Stanza's* of a certaine

Canto,

Canto, where thou doeſt promiſe to entertain me with *reaſon* and *ſenſe*, but in lieu of thoſe *Regalos*, I have a *brokage* of *canting* and *non-ſenſe*.

Wherefore who thinks from ſouls new ſouls to bring,
The ſame let preſſe the Sun-beams in his Fiſt,
And ſqueeſe out drops of Light, or ſtrongly wring
The Rain-bow, till it die his hands well preſt.

After this follows another *Task* in the *Ballad*, like the *ſecond part to the ſame tune*: That we ſhould *bray the Intentionall ſpecies in a Mortar, till we have expreſt an eye-ſalve to diſcern the Fayrie-Queen*. Truly Maſter *Moore*, I never ſaw thy *Poem* till I had firſt perus'd thy *Obſervations* on my *diſcourſe of the nature of man*, then was I firſt preſented with thy *Coplas* by a *Friend*, who inform'd me of the *ſong*, and the *ſinger*. I was far enough for my *part* from diſturbing thy *peace*, but ſince thou haſt *unworthily* abus'd

my *proſe*, I will now as *juſtly* examine thy *verſe*.

Thou doeſt here reject the *multiplication* of *ſouls*, becauſe thou canſt not *ſqueeſe drops of light* from the *Sunbeams*, or *expreſſe* an *eye-ſalve* from the *intentionall ſpecies*, as we expreſſe *wine* from the *Grape*. O the *blindneſſe* of this *Ballad-monger*! He doth *meaſure* the *vitall myſteries* of *nature*, by the *Deſtructive Knacks* of *Art*, and what is moſt *groſſe*, miſtakes *extractions* for *multiplications*. Well goe thy ways for the moſt abſolute *Owle*, that ever was at *Athens*. Thy next *argument* is a pretended *ſalvo*, a new way to *light Lamps*, becauſe thou wouldſt avoid the *multiplication* of *light* and thus *hobbles* thy *Stanza*.

No ſubſtance new that act doth then
produce,
Only the Oylie Atoms it doth excite,
and wake into a Flame.

Here thou doeſt tell us, that when one

one Lamp *lights* another, no new *light* is then *produc'd* only the *oylie Atoms* are *excited* into a *Flame*. To this I ſay, that no *Oylie ſubſtance* can be *turn'd* into *light*, but on the *contrary* the *light* feeds on the *Oyle* and *conſumes* it, and this *effect* proves them *different ſubſtances*: for if they were *one* and the *ſame*, the *Oyle* would *never* be *ſpent*, for nothing *devoures* it *ſelf*, and by conſequence the *Light* would *never* goe *out*. Again my *friend*: Every *Oylie Body* is *paſſive*, and cannot *excite* it *ſelf* to a *flame*, but muſt have ſome *active influence* communicated that may *alter* it into *vapour*, in which *vapour* the *light* incorporats, and this *compound* of *light* and *vapour* we call a *flame*: now this *active* communicated *influence*, is infuſed *multiplied light*. But I muſt take thee by the noddle *Maſtix*, thou doeſt ſpeak of *Atoms* as of things *granted*, but truſt me *thou* art *miſtaken*, and ſo is *Des Chartes*. It

It is true indeed, wee may fansie *Atoms*, or *indivisible parts* in any *Continuum* whatsoever, but to propose this *fancie* as the *Ground-work* of *Philosophie*, is that which must not be *tolerated*. Pardon me Sir, if this saucie *Negative* offends your *Beard-ship*: your *Bristl'd gravitie*, which like an *Aldermans Fur*, you weare for *Imposture*. It is a most *trecherous Excrescencie*, and serves mee for *Copps*, and *Thickets*. Little doe you think, I have an *Ambuscado* there, to surprize your *Tongue* in spite of your *Teeth*. Not a *word* comes out, but I *snap* it, and if you will not believe, take this *Evidence*. Your *Swarm* of *Atoms* is out at your *Hive*, they *fly* like dust about your *Mustachos*, and now *fall on* my *Philistines*, Have at thee *Harry*! Thou doest advance like a *Companie* of *woodden legs*, in limping *halting verse*, but I will *charge* thee with a *Marching Prose*.

If

If there bee any ſuch *Things* as *Atoms*, then they muſt be either *Principles*, or *Compounds*: But they are neither Principles, nor Compounds. *Ergo*, &c. The *diviſion* is *Immediat*, and therefore *Neceſſarie*, and the *parts* of it I will thus prove. If *Atoms* are *Compounds*, they muſt have ſome *Præexiſtent Principles*, whereof they are *compounded*, and I deſire to know what *Principles* thoſe are; For either they are compounded of *Atoms*, or elſe of *diviſible Subſtances*, and *Nonatoms*. As to the *firſt*, If Atoms bee made of *Atoms*, then both *Principles* and *Compounds* are *one* and the *ſame Thing*, namely *Atoms*, which is *abſurd*, and withall *Impoſſible*: for *many Atoms* being *united* muſt needes *mak* one *diviſible*, or it will *follow*, That *diviſible Bodies* are not made of *Atoms*, which is very *true*. If you ſay they are made of *diviſible Subſtances*, or *Noneatoms*, an æquall *Abſurditie* will

will follow; Namely that *Substances* whereof every *one* is by it self *divisible*, should in their *Union* or *Composition* make an *Atom*, or a *Substance indivisible*. It is plain then that *Atoms* cannot bee *Compounds*, and now I will prove they are not *Principles*.

If *Atoms* are *Principles*, then they are either *Compounded*, or *simple substances*: but they are *neither* of these, *Ergo*, &c. The *division* again is *immediat*, and therefore *Necessarie*: The *parts* of it I will *prove* thus. If you say they are *Compounded Substances*, the *former Absurdities* will follow, and an *Argument* more to *boote*, namely that *they* are no *Principles*. If you say they are *simple Substances*, then these *Simples* are either *all* of a *sort*, or els there are *different sorts* of *Atoms*: If they bee *all* of a *sort*, then there can be no *Generation*, and by Consequence your *Principles are useless*: for *Generation* proceedes from *Contrarie Principles*,

principles, not from *those* that are *all* of a *sort*, for *they* could not work *one* upon *another*, so that there would be no *alteration*, and by consequence no *Generation*. If you say there are *different sorts* of *Atoms*, then these *sorts* are either *finite*, or *infinite*. If you say *infinite sorts*, then there are *infinite sorts* of *principles*, which is both *confusion* and *absurditie*. If your *sorts* of *Atoms* are *finite*, then they must be *foure* only, answerable to the foure generall natures, *Earth*, *Water*, *Aire*, and *Fire*, and your *Philosophie* must run thus. There are only *foure kinds* of Atoms, *Earthy*, *Watery*, *Ayrie*, and *Firie*: And now *Harry Moore*, where are thy *Oylie* Atoms, for here is no *Roome* for them? You will tell me perhaps they are *Quintessentiall* Atoms, of a *fifth order* different from the other *foure*. Ha! ha! he! *Againe* my friend, If there be *foure kinds* of Atoms, *Earthy Waterie*, &c. Then these

Earthy

Earthy and *Watery* Atoms are either *integrall parts*, or *eſſentiall conſtitutive parts* and *principles* of *Earth* and *Water*. If you ſay they are *integral parts*, then they are *perfect Earth* and *Water*, and by conſequence they are *compounds* not *principles*, for *Earth* and *Water* are *compounds*: but we have formerly *proved* that Atoms cannot be *compounds*. If you ſay they are *Eſſentiall principles* of *Earth* and *Water*, then they cannot be *Earthy* and *watery* Atoms, for *principles* cannot have the *ſame Complexion* with their *Compounds*. But this is not all, for I have not yet done with thee *Maſtix*, come about once more. All *naturall principles* (if they be *ſuch* indeed) muſt have *contrary qualities*, and *different* amongſt *themſelves*: for ſaith *Ariſtotle*, *Quicquid fit, ex contrariis fieri neceſſe eſt*: otherwiſe there could be no *mutation*, and by conſequence no *generation*. Now I deſire to know

from

from whence thy *Atoms* received their *different* and *contrary natures?* for either they received them from the *foure generall contrary natures*, *Earth*, *Water*, *Ayre*, and *Fire*, or they received them from *ſomething elſe*. If you ſay they received them from the *foure generall natures*, then they are not *principles*, but *products*, or things *compounded* of the *foure generall natures*, and this we have formerly proved *Impoſſible*. If you ſay their *difference* of *complexions* proceeds from *ſomething elſe*, then they cannot be *Earthie*, *Waterie*, *Ayrie*, and *Fierie Atoms*, but they muſt have ſome *other qualities*, and I deſire to know what *qualities* thoſe *are*, and from *whence* they *ſpring?* Thou art gone *Harry!* I have utterly overthrown thy *Fundamentals:* But courage my *friend!* it is no *ſingle Ruine* for *Des Cartes* lyes in the ſame *Grave* with *thee*.

Now *Sirrah*, having *diſcompos'd* and

and *routed* thy *Knot* of *Atoms*, I will in the next place come to the *Chase*, and thus I *pursue* them *out* of the world.

If there be any such *Things* as *Atoms*, they are either *Generall*, or *Particular Natures*, but *neither* of These, *Ergo*, &c. If they are *generall Natures*, how come they to have the *Complexion* of particular specified *Compounds*, namely to be *Oylie Atoms*? If *particular Natures*, then every *Atom* must either be an *Individuall*, which is *Absurd*, or els they must be *Compounded Integral parts* of the *Body*, as every *part* of *Gold* is *Gold*; If so, they can be neither *Principles*, nor *Atoms*: for every *Compounded part* consists of *parts*, and by Consequence is *divisible* into those *parts*, and therefore no *Atom*; But even *this* also is *impossible*, for wee have formerly *proved* that *Atoms* can bee no *Compounds*. But to give thee a litle more

labour

labour, I will bring in a *Secoud Argument*.

If there be any ſuch *Principles* as *Atoms*, They are either *Active*, or *Paſſive*, or *Both*. If onely *Active*, what ſhall wee doe for a *Material Principle*, for that is *Paſſive*? If onely *Paſſive*, what is becom of the *Formall Principle*, for that is *Active*? If both *Active* and *Paſſive*, I deſire to know their *different Qualities*, how ſom *Atoms* come to be *Formall* and *Active*, and ſome Others *Materiall* and *Paſſive*? Certainly theſe will prove but pittifull *Males* and *Females*: and heere Sir, you muſt make good that *Ieſt* of Doctor *Don*, and write your next Book *De Hermaphrodititate Atomorum*.

This is Inough, and too much for thee; I will now returne, and ſee what more thou haſt to ſay againſt the *Multiplication* of *ſoules*.

——*But no such use*
There is of humane sperm: for our free spirit
Is not the kindl'd seed, but substance quite
Distinct there from. &c.

Heere thou say'st, that the *soule* of *Man* is not the *kindl'd seed*. These are blind, poeticall *Termes*, but I suppose thou doest understand the *sperm actuated* by the *spirit*, and this *sperm* say'st thou, *is not the soule*. I hope there is not any so *Barbarous*, as to think the *Contrarie*. But why then doest thou *dispute* against an *Absurditie*, which *no man* affirmes, namely that the *soule should bee the Bodily sperm*: for thy last *Stanza* concernes *nothing els*! Doth this *oppose* the *propagation* of *spirit* from *spirits*? It is no *wonder* indeed thou doest *misinterpret* my *Book*, when thou doest so *blindly misapply* thy *owne*.

Observa-

Obſervation 37.

WEll now I perceive that thou thinkeſt, &c. What a pox doeſt thou *perceive?* That thou doeſt *ſee*, when thou doeſt *dream?* I will tell thee Newes *Harry:* I am *awake* when I *ſleep*, for many times I *dream*, and *ſeeme* to be *awake*. Nay more. There are *thoſe* that doe not onely *ſeeme* to *act* in their *dreames*, but doe *really* performe thoſe *actions* in their *ſleep*, which wee cannot *commonly doe*, but with *open eyes*. Now I deſire to know of thee, what *Light* that *is* which guides them in their way *Clauſis oculis*. Anſwer mee if thou dareſt. For either this *Internall Faculty* is the *ſame* with that which *acts Externally*, or a *facultie different* from *it:* If it bee the *ſame*, then the *viſive facultie* is not *deſtroy'd*, but the *Eye onely*, or *bodily organ*, as I have

told thee. If thou say'st it is a *different facultie*, how comes it to have the *same objects*, namely *visibles*, at least Things that seeme *visible*? and in truth *are* so *inwardly*, for wee cannot *remember* them, if them *were not*. But in good earnest doest thou think the *facultie* of the *soule* is *destroy'd*, because the *Organ* is *Corrupted*? Take heed *my friend*, this is the *right way* to *hazard* the *Immortalitie* of it. As for thy *Bull*, and mis-interpretation of my *Book*, that *blind men see, because they dream*, it plainly discovers thy *Ignorance*, for thou canst not *distinguish* between the *Internall*, and *Externall Actions* of the *soule*.

Observation 38.

I *Doe not altogether contemne the Symbols and signatures of Nature, but I believe*, &c. I doe not onely believe *Mastix*, but I am *sure* thou doest

doeſt not *underſtand* the *Doctrine* of *ſignatures*, and this appears by thy *fooliſh anſwer*, which hath no more *brains*, than the *pulp of a Wall-nut*.

Obſervation 39.

WHat a pittifull account doeſt thou give me here, &c. Thou doeſt indeed give me a *moſt pittifull*, and a *brutiſh account* of the *ſoul* of *man*. The *ſoule* (ſayſt thou) *that is Senſitive, muſt needs alſo be Rational, and animadverſive, and hence will follow an abſurditie, that every man hath in him two Rationall ſouls*. Ha! ha he! Thy *hands* (I believe *Maſtix*) have *ſenſe*, and yet they have no *animadverſion*. But to make the truth more plaine, I will deſcend from *man*, and *inſtance* in more *inferior creatures*. There is a *Senſitive ſpirit* in *worms* and *Flyes*, but doth it follow therefore that the *ſame ſpirit* muſt be *Rationall* and *animadverſive?*

madverſive? By this accompt a *louſe* of *Harry Moore* hath the *ſame ſoule* with *Harry* himſelf, namely a *rational animadverſive ſoule*. Ha! ha! he! Thou art indeed a ſweet Philoſopher! Thou doeſt make *ſenſe* and *reaſon* to be the *faculties* of *one* and the *ſame ſpirit*, ſo that whereſoever there is *ſenſe*, there alſo muſt be *animadverſion*: and by this conſequence *Harry Moore's Heels* are as *animadverſive* as his *Head*, nay his *Breech* will conteſt with his *Braine*, and he muſt paſſe for a *kind* of *new creature*, a *Gentleman* with *intellectual poſteriors*.

As for that which you ſay to no purpoſe, namely that there *cannot be two ſenſitive ſouls at all in man*, it is *falſe*: for there are two *ſentient ſpirits* in *man*, but not in the *ſame degree*, for the *rationall ſpirit* is ſentient *eminenter*, in a more *excellent way* than the *brutiſh animal portion*; and here is no *abſurditie* at all, becauſe their

degrees

degrees of ſenſe are *ſubordinat*; for as I told you formerly, the *ſuperior Eſſence* involves, or hath in him all the *faculties* of the *inferior*, but the *inferior* attains not to *all* the *faculties* of the *ſuperior*, no not to *any* of *them* in the ſame *meaſure* and *perfection* with his *ſuperior*.

In the next place you cavill with a *Doctrine* you doe not *nnderſtand*, That the *ſoule* ſhould know all things *ſine converſione ad phantaſmata*. Here you object, that the *ſoule* cannot know *all things*, becauſe ſhe cannot know *all individuals*. Thy *reaſon* for this *Maſtix*? I ſuppoſe becauſe ſhe may not *know* their *different numericall complexions*, with thoſe corrupt, irregular *Diſpoſitions*, which *depend* upon *them*. Theſe my friend are but *womentary temporall paſſions*, and *depravations* of *nature*: They ſhall paſſe *de morte in mortem*, but their eſſentiall *proprieties* and *principles* both

materiall and *formall*, she may *know*, and this *sine conversione ad phantasmata*. As for that *controversie*, and *non-plus* of thy *Platonists*, it is a *truth* without *controversie*, for if *Individuals* had no *Idea's* or *Patterns*, whereby they are *fram'd*, then they could not be *fram'd at all*, and by *consequence* there would be *no Individuals*. Get thee gone thou *Bungler*, and write another *Cupids conflict*; That *Dialogue* indeed had something of *design*, it was *scribl'd* in *commendation* of thy *own verse*. In good earnest *Harry*, thou must doe *so again*, and make *Mela thy Dear* commend thy *prose*.

Observation 42.

But you contending that it was, &c. Here thou doest tell me, that I prefer *Agrippa* to *Moses* and *Christ*, or in thy own barbarous phrase *before Moses* and *Christ*. What I have said

Mastix,

Mastix, is *published*, and *my words* were these. I *owe all the Philosophie I have next to God, to* Agrippa. Doe I here prefer *Agrippa* to *God* and his *Word*, much lesse to *Christ Jesus*? Let the *Readers* judge, for I will refer *my self* to *them*.

Observation 45.

You meane then that a Protestant and a Christian are Termini Convertibiles, &c. I never told thee any such thing, but certainly they are *convertible terms*, if the *propositions* be not *universal*; *for every Protestant is a Christian*, Ergo, *some Christian is a Protestant*.

But all this is nothing to *salvation*: we were not redeem'd with *Syllogisms*, but with the *Bloud* of *Christ Jesus*, and when the *Protestants* (of *whom* I am *one*) shall appeare before *him*, I make no question but *he* will *acknowledge*

ledge us to be *Chriſtians*, and then (if thou canſt) doe thou *diſprove him*. Now Maſter *Maſtix* you leave off to be a *Philoſopher*, and approve your ſelf an impudent frivolous *Feſcennine*. You fall upon my *verſe* like a *Zanie*, and ſure when this *non-ſenſe* flew from you, I conceive you were in ſome anſwerable *diſtorted poſture*, like *Graculo* in your *Ballad*:

Here Graculo *leaning up with one eye (pauſe,*
View'd the broad Heavens long reſting in a
And all the while he held his neck awry
Like liſtning Daw, turning his nimble Noſe,
At laſt theſe words his ſilent tongue did looſe.

Did not you Maſter *Maſtix*, hold *your neck awry*, and turn *your nimble Noſe*, when you ſquirted theſe *inſipid Comments* on my *verſe*? Get thee gone thou *Toole* of *Elfin*! Thou *Monkie* of Miſtris *Mab*! for thou doeſt immitat *Spencer* and his *Rhime*, not *Plato* and his *Reaſon*. I will not here inſiſt

inſiſt on thoſe *groſſe Sarcaſms*, which thou haſt *injuriouſly applyed* to a moſt glorious *Univerſitie*. It is enough that *Oxford* is *beyond* thy *ſcurrility*, and had *ſhe* been as far *above Fate*, as ſhe was *above contempt*, ſhe had not been *ſubject* to her preſent *misfortunes*.

Obſervation 49.

THy words are, I expoſe it not to the mercy of man but of God, &c. It is true, thoſe are my words, and therefore didſt thou conclude me *an abſolute Tyrant in Philoſophie*. To this I replyed, that I *excluded not thy cenſure but thy mercy*, and therefore was no *Tyrant*, for *Tyrants* will not be *ſubject* to *cenſures*. Now my friend, let us ſee by what *means* thou wouldeſt *confute* me. *It is no hardſhip at all* (ſayſt thou) *to bee expoſed to mercy, and therefore by mercy*

Mercy thou muſt needs underſtand Cenſure. Tell me *Harry Moore*, whom doeſt thou *oppoſe* here, *Eugenius*, or *Maſtix*? Ha! ha! he! But there is a *Bull* here *Sirrah*, which I muſt put you in mind of, *That by Mercie I ſhould underſtand Cenſure*, a thing altogether impoſſible. I told thee, I did not *expoſe my book to the mercy of man*, for I expected *ſomething elſe* from *him*, which could not be *ſignified* by *mercy*, but was quite *contrary* to it, namely a corrupt, ridiculous *Judgement*. Indeed *Harry* thy *Tropes* are *monſtrous*, and truly ſo is thy *Rhetoric*: There is no *School-boy* but is better *ſtyl'd*, and can *write* with much more *reaſon* and *dependencie*.

Thy

THy firſt part *Maſtix*, is now *ſifted*, and I have not *declin'd* any one *paſſage* that pretended to *reaſon*. Thy *diſtempers* indeed (which I ſuppoſe thou doeſt call *deiformitie*, and *univerſalitie* of *ſpirit*) I have paſt by, and thoſe ſcandalous *Raylings*, which prove thee *poſſeſt*, not *inſpir'd*. I am now come to thy *obſervations* on my *Anima Magica*, and thou haſt but *nine notes* on that myſterious *diſcourſe*, which was *Field* enough for many *Pen-men*. Theſe becauſe they ſeeme *Philoſophicall*, I will honour with an *anſwer*, but thy *excurſions* I ſcorne to look upon. I will not *defile* my ſelf with *Mire* and *Vomits*, but I think it fit to tell thee, That from thy 185. page, to the 207. which is thy very *laſt*, thou doeſt build in thy *blew Chaos*, reare up *phantaſtic Caſtles*, and *Trophees* to thy ſelf, as if they were *founded* on the *ruines* of *Eugenius Philalethes*.

Philalethes. It is indeed a *fruitlesse pomp* of thine: Thou hast *built* my friend on *shot* and *Gun-powder*, and now will I *give fire* to the *Mine*, and set all thy *Architecture* to *shivers*.

Observation 1.

WHY *Magicus*, *because you make up the rest with thinking?* &c. No *Maurus*, that needed not, though I might well enough, for I knew the rest long before. There is no man I think so *mad* as to mistake *Nature* for an *outward Principle*; and for my part I am sure I did not, so that I left no part of the *Definition* out, but what was *negative*, and therefore not *Essentiall*, namely those superfluous words, *Non per Accidens*:

Observation

Obſervation 2.

I *Told thee ſo* Phil. *and doe tell thee ſo againe*, &c. Thou art good indeed for *Tales*, and for *nothing elſe*. It was thy *deſigne* (had it been thy power) to diſprove me in both thy *bookes*. But where is thy *Reaſon* for what thou *telleſt*? *A ſubſtance* (ſaiſt thou) *cannot be known*: This is thy *ſenſe*, but where is thy *evidence*? Thou doeſt fall from *Subſtances*, and *tell* us of *Operations*, and then followes another *Telling*, which you call an *Argument*. *It is a Truth* (ſaith *Moore*) *moſt evedenly playn to any man that is not ſtark blind*. Ha! ha! he! Go ſtudy againe, and *tell* me not of a *Confutation*, unleſſe thou canſt firſt *tell* me of a *Reaſon*. But you have another *Tale*, and this you think will overthrow me. You would have me tell you *what a ſubſtance is*, *and how it may be known*.

I thought you had written to *confute* me, but if it be your desire to *learne* of *me*, you have not gon the *right way*, you should have us'd me with much more *Civility*. Howsoever I will *informe* you as far as I may: Search, and looke for the *Center* of *Nature*, and *there* you will find what a *Substance* is: But *how* you shall *search*, that you may *know* a *Substance*, is *more* than I may *tell* you, for you have not the *Desert*, nor I my selfe the *privilege*. This is all that is worth the *answering*, only you labour to *excuse* a *Bull* of your own, but *cannot*. This weakness Mr. *Moore*, I will pardon, for I am not so *contentious*, as to *quarrell* with *Infirmities*, when they do not *concerne* me.

Observation 3 & 4.

Your *third Observation* is the same with the former, and therefore allready *answered*. In your *fourth Note* you father your *Absurdties* on *Iulius Scaliger*,

Scaliger, an *Author* that hath *enough* of his *owne*, and you need not *add* to his *ſtock*. Then you fall again on the *Knowledge* of *Subſtances*, and heer you tell us, you have *demonſtrated*, *that it is impoſſible to know Subſtances but by their Operations*. Where *Harry*? I have perus'd every Page and Line in thy Booke, and I can find no *Argument* to prove it, but that *Tale* with which once more thou doeſt *tayle* this *Obſervation*. *It is a Truth* (ſaiſt thou) *ſo cleare, that it is cleare he is deſtitute of ſight and Judgement, that doth not diſcern it even at the firſt Propoſall*. Is this thy *Demonſtration*? Doth this prove that *Subſtances* cannot be *known* but by their *Operations*? Truly if this proves any thing, it muſt be firſt granted, thou art either *Text*, or *Oracle*, for thou doeſt only *ſpeake* it, thou doeſt not *prove* it. But that I may both *ſpeake*, and *prove* thee an *Ignorant*, I aske thee if *all Subſtances*

have *operations?* If not, thy *Position* falls to the ground. Now my friend what doeſt thou thinke of the *Matter*, for it is a *ſubſtance*, but *meerely paſſive*, and therefore hath no *operation?* How then ſhall I know this *ſubſtance?* Tell me *Harry*, and it will be a good *Tale*. I could adviſe thee to go and *ſleepe*, it may be thou wilt *dreame* of it in thy next *Inſomnium Philoſophicum*.

Obſervation 8.

NO Magicus, *but I doe not*, &c. You did aske me *Maſtix*, how the *firſt ſpermaticall Rudiments could poſſibly incarcerat ſo thin and agil a ſubſtance as a ſoule, when they are ſo lax, and fluid?* To this I replyed in theſe words: Maſtix *it ſeems you place the difficultie in the Rudiments or Sperms, becauſe they are lax and fluid.* Now Sir *Padageg*, in your *ſecond laſh*, you al-

ter

ter your opinion, and tell me, *No* Magicus, *but I doe not*. Well then, let us see *where* the *difficultie* lyes, for we will appeal to your own words. *The difficultie* (say you) *is, how a thing so subtil as a soule is, should misse a vent in so lax matter as the first rudiments of life. This is the difficultie* Magicus. I heare thee *Maurus*, and I heare with all the most grosse *non-sense* and *contradiction*, that ever was utter'd. First, thou doest tell me, the *difficultie* lyes not in the *matter* because it is *lax*, but thou doest place it *elsewhere*. Secondly, when thou wouldst shew me *where else* it is, thou doest tell me it is in the matter, because it is *lax*, for these are thy own words. *The difficultie is, how a thing so subtil as a soule is, should misse a vent in so lax matter as the rudiments of life.* Ha! ha! he! here is a *circle* of *non-sense*, if a *Conjurer* could but bring the *Devill* in, he would never *get out* of it. *The soule*

cannot be retain'd in a matter that is lax and fluid. No forsooth, that is not his *meaning*; but *in a matter that is lax and fluid, the soule cannot be retain'd. Hocas Pocas*, and *Præsto!* This would puzzle a *Gypsie*, and her *Jack-man*. In the name of *Fryar Rush* what art thou? I remember *Mastix*, thou hast somewhere an *Exorcismus*: give me leave to *apply* it to this *Riddle*, and see if it will *unfold.*

Open thou Earth! uncloſe thou faſt-bound Ball
Of ſmoring Darkneſſe!

It will not doe, what an obstinat *pug* is this? Is it not possible to recall those *Fryars*, who did sometimes exorcize *Ignoramus* at *Cambridge*? Certainly his *Riota* and his *Routa* were tractable supple *Devils*, to this *costive non-sense* of the *lax Matter*. But let us examine this Matter once more. The *difficultie* is, the soul's *missing* of a *vent*, and this in the *matter*, which seems *improbable*, because the *matter*

is

is *lax* and *fluid*, and this is *argu'd* by the *Emphasis* of thy own words, *in so lax a matter*. Is this your meaning *Mastix*, or doe you meane this? *No Magicus*, (say you,) *but I doe not*. Well then my friend, what doest thou mean? Is the *difficultie* in the *soule*, because it is *subtil*? Truly this *interpretation* doth no way agree with thy *expression*: but thou hast, *Harry*, most strange *forms* of *speech*, and a *Knack* not known at *Babel*: Thou canst *confound languages*, and not *multiplie* them. I suppose thou doest *believe*, that if the *soule* were impriſon'd in *Brasse* and *Iron*, which are *solid bodies*, she would easily *get out*, for she can *passe* thorough any *body* be it never so *hard* and *compact*. The *mystery* then is, how she comes to be *retain'd* in the *sperm*, which is a *fluid weake substance*, and almost as *pervious* as *water*. You must know that every *soule* hath a *naturall voluntary application* to the *sperm*,

for she *assumes* not her *body* by *compulsion*, but *willingly*. This *will* or *propension* of the *soule* is accomplish'd, and confirm'd by the *hidden æthereall vestiments* inclos'd in the *Sperm*, for they are *neer* of *complexion* with the very *substance* of the *Anima*, so that she easily *mingles* with *them*, as *Fire* doth with *Aire*, and *thus* shee comes to be *retain'd*. But this *truth* is not *fully known* to any but the *Adepti*, whose *experience* tels them what a *strong union* there is *between* the *Anima* and her *vestiments*, and how *difficult a task* it is to *separat her* from *them*. Other *Philosophers* doe but *blindly discourse* of *sympathie* and *antipathie*, as *Harry Moore* doth in this *Observation*, and in this *sense Asylum sapientiæ* is *Asylum ignorantiæ*, for thou doest *speak* of that, which thou doest not *understand*. Howsoever that my *Readers* may know I speak *reason*, I will shew thee what *sympathie* is,

and

and *whence* it *proceeds*. *Sympathie* is nothing else but a *naturall application*, or *propension* that *one thing* hath of *it self* to *another*. It *proceeds* from a *contemperature* in some *measure*, or a *symbol* of *qualities* and *complexions*. Thus the *Fire* hath *partly* the same *Temperature* with the *Aire*, and the *Aire* with the *Water*, so that the *inferior* easily *receives*, and *admits* of the *superior*, and the *superior*, as easily *unites* with the *inferior*. Now my friend, I will come to those *Objections* which thou hast *fansied* in the *darke* against my *flame* and *candle*. I told thee *Mastix*, that in every *sperm* there was a *hidden aethereall moysture*, *neer* of *complexion* to the *Fire* of the *Anima*, and by this the *Anima* was *united* to the *sperm*, as *light* is *united* to a *candle*. This thou doest call a *Poeticall Illustration*, because it is a *physicall instance*. But this indeed is no *newes*, I know thou dost speak

Buls, not *poetically*, but *naturally*. I did expect thou wouldst *oppose* the *union* of the *light* to the *candle*, or *that* of the *soule* to the *body*, for it is the *point controverted*, but thou doest dwell upon *circumstances*, which *concerne* not the *union* at all, and *whereof* every one is *false*. Thy first exception is, *that the light is without the candle, not in it*. It seems thy *reason* is neither *within thee*, nor *without thee*: for if it were *within thee*, I suppose thou wouldst make *use* of it, and if it be any where *without thee*, why not in thy *Book?* The *light* my friend, with inceſſant *heat* turns the *tallow* into *vapour*, and *in* that *vapour* the light *incorporats*, ſo that the *light* is *in* the *Candle*, not *without it*. But if by *candle* thou doeſt underſtand that *tallow* which the *light* hath not yet *alter'd* to a *vapour*, it is not indeed *in that*, nor is there any *reaſon* it ſhould *be*, for it is not yet *united* to it. Thy ſe-

cond

cond objection *Maſtix*, is far more ridiculous than the former, *The light* (ſayſt thou) *is the effect of the candle*. Ha! ha! he! Didſt thou ever know a candle to *tin*, and *generat* a *light* of *it ſelf*? If not, the *light* cannot be the *effect* of it. But tell me in good earneſt, doth not the *light* come *ab extra*? Doth not the *candle* borrow it *elſewhere*? I prithee *Harry*, impart this *project* of a *ſelf-tinning candle* to the *world*: It will put down *Touch-wood* and *Tinder-boxes*, and ſilence the *Chimes* of *Flint* and *ſteele*. But thou haſt another *Bull rampant*, and it is that which thou doeſt call a third *argument*. *The light of a candle* (ſayſt thou) *is not alwayes the ſame light, no more than water between the banks of a river is alwaies the ſame water*. Why ſo *Maſtix*? Doth the *light* part *from* the *candle*, as the *water* doth from the Banks? I think not: for then thou would'ſt be left in the *dark*; and truly

thou

thou art in the *dark* already. Indeed the *body* wherein the *light* is, namely the *vapour*, is not *alwaies* the *same*, for when the *light* hath *prey'd* on the purer *oleous parts* of it, the more *crude portion* which is not *apt* for the *light* to *embody* in, gets away in *smoak*, but the *light* still *supplies* it self with a *new body*, as long as the *candle* will *last*, and continues *alwaies* one and the *same light*. Now I have broken thy three blunt *Tools*; but if these *simplicities* had not been *refuted*, doest thou think they could any way have disproved the *union* I did speak of? Get thee gone, and *put thy finger in thy Nose*, and put something else in thy *mouth*, for thou shalt doe well to *stop it*, till thou art *able* to speak *sense*. Thou hast indeed so *disgraced* thy *Mother Universitie*, the *Students* should hale thee to the *Bridge*, and *tumble* thee like a *Lent* of *Clouts* into *Cham*, to *prevent* their further *dishonour*.

Observation

Obſervation 9.

ALl that I ſay there is, &c. Here you ſay, and with you one *Theopolus*, that the *ſenſe* of the *ſoule* (for that is it which *Virgil* mentions) is the *veſtiment* of the *ſoule*, but I ſay this is *non-ſenſe*. True it is, the *Anima* her ſelf is *vehiculum Mentis*, the *vehicle* of the ſuperior *Intellectuall portion*, but what *ſpirit* that is, which is *vehiculum animæ*, the *vehicle*, or *veſtiment* of the *Senſual ſoul*, of which *ſoul* the *Poet* ſpeaks, you doe not *know*: and therefore peace *Quacks*! or *ſpeak* of that which you doe *underſtand*.

Now Maſter *Maſtix*, having loſt your ſelf in an *inferior Theme*, you have the *impudence* to attempt a more *Majeſtic* one. You run to my *Intelligent light*, like a *Fly* to a *candle*, but your *folly* hath *coſt* you your *wings*: you are *burnt* for your *ſaucineſſe*, and

now

now you *ſtink* like the *Snuffe*. In the firſt place Maſter *Maurus*, you lay a *foundation* for your *future non-ſenſe*, and tell me what *Fire* is. *It is* (ſay you) *a fluid body, ſwiftly and variouſly agitated.* So is the *Aire* too *Maſtix*, and the *wind*; and ſince thy *definition* is ſo *large*, it were not *amiſſe* to *ask thee*, to *which* of theſe *three* thou doeſt *apply* it? But you are a skilfull *Logician*, the *Eſſential difference* is behind, and now *Readers* take it amongſt you. *The fire is a body made of particles, which reſt not one by another, but fridge one againſt another.* Ha! ha! he! Surely thy *Taylours Gooſe* was heated with this *fire*, when it *hiſs'd* at *thee*, as at *another Gooſe* for acquaintance. But let us examine this *eſſentiall difference*, if it be ſuch. *The Fire* (ſayſt thou) *conſiſts of particles*: But doe not the *Aire* and the *Water* too conſiſt of *particles*? Yes verily *Maſtix* according to thy *Philoſophie*, and thus

thus haſt thou given us a *definition* of *Fire*, which is *proper* alſo to *Water* and *Aire*, for there is no *difference* in it. But come thou *Hackney* of *Des Chartes!* I tell thee, I have formerly confuted thy *particles*, and clearly *demonſtrated* their *vanitie*. Let mee know then to what *purpoſe* doeſt thou mention *fire* in this place? I will tell thee *Harry*, and ſo anſwer for thee. Thou haſt *created* a *ſoule* of *Kitchin-fire* and *Atoms*, and then thou haſt ſpent *five pages* to *confute* thy own *creature*. The ſoule *Maſtix* which I did ſpeak of, is a *living intelligent Fire* or *Light*, a *Light* which *deſcends* from the *firſt Father* of *Lights*, and a *Fire* which *proceeds* from *God himſelf*, who is a *conſuming Fire*. Now my friend, I will ſee what thou haſt to ſay againſt *this Fire*, and before I have done, that *very Fire* ſhall *anſwer* all thou *ſayſt*. Prepare then *Harry*, and as I have told thee elſewhere,

prick

prick up thy *Puritan Eares*: [illegible] *Audi Ignis vocem.*

Thy *attempts* againſt this Fire *Muſtix*, begin with a *demand*, and this is it. *Is there* (ſayſt thou) *any ſubſtance in this Fire, which we may call the Eſſential forme thereof, or no?* Thy *Queſtion* my friend is a *Bull*; for I told thee the *very ſoule* was a *Fire*; and now thou doeſt aske me if this *Fire* hath an *Eſſential forme*, which is as much, as if thou didſt aske me, if the *ſoule* hath a *ſoule*? But that I may *ſtate*, and *fix* thy giddy *Brains*, I will give thee a quick and a full anſwer. This *Fire* is really a *Fire*, but a *divine living* one. It is withall the *Eſſential intelligent forme* it ſelf, and in all this there is no *inconveniencie*. Yes, there is, ſaith *Harry Moore*: For *how can it organize the body, the parts of this Fire tending as much this way, as that way, or at leaſt tending only one way, ſuppoſe upward?* Thou art indeed a rare

are *disputant*, but I would have thee know that these *motions* belong to *Kitchin-fire*, of which *stuffe* thou hast made thy *soule*: But the *Fire* I speak of is a *living intelligent Fire*, and his *motions* are neither *casuall* nor *necessary*, but they are *voluntary*, for he acts as he *wils*, *dilates* and *contracts* himself, *moves* and *rests* as he thinks *fit*. This is the true active nature *Mastix*, and this is *Principium Motus & Quietis*. Your second argument is a ridiculous, fanatic *Foolerie*, and thus it runs. *How can this fire informe the whole body of a man, for it was but big enough when he was a Child, it will be too little for him, now that he is a man, unlesse we suppose it to grow, and to be nourished?* Now Sir I must aske you, if the *Taylour*, whose *Iron-goose* you formerly *mention'd*, did ever take *measure* of your *soule*, that you should *know* how *big*, and how *little* it is? If not, how came you to *know* that it is

too

too little for a *man*, becauſe it is *big* enough for a *Child?* But in good earneſt Sir *Maurus*, what *compaſſe* will you *allow* to the ſouls *ſphere* of *activitie?* no more than what the *Hans* comes to, the *little Boy* in the *Basket?* Let the *Child* alone *Harry*, for if he ſhould *ſpring* like *Og* of *Baſan*, his *ſoule* will have *ardour* and *power* enough to *informe* him. The reſt of your *arguments* doe but deſtroy a *ſoul*, which you *your ſelf* have *made*, namely a *ſoule* of *particles* or *Atoms*. Howſoever I cannot but *obſerve*, that by the way you tell us, *That Fire is voyd of ſenſe, and therefore can be no ſoule.* May the *Readers* thank you for their *Information*! Once more you acquaint them, how you *fight* with *Kitchin-fire*, and the *Atoms* of *Des Chartes*, whom you have *miſtaken* in this *note* for *Eugenius Philalethes*. From this place to the end of your *Chapter*, you tell us of an *Atome* in the *middle*,

and

nd an *Atome* at the *out-side*, with *re-ilinear* and *circular Motions* of *Par-icles*. Then you fall upon *Lines*, *Centers*, *Square-figures*, *Parallels*, *Perpendiculars*, *Points*, and *Orbs*: and all this to make your *Frie* of *Atoms* dance. Lastly you bring *your Soule* out of the *Body* to *conflict with the boy-trous winds*, and here your *Kitchin-ire* dies, and *Lucretius* writes the *Epitaph*. Alas poore *soule!* It was *blown out* by the *winds* as other *flames* and *candles* are, for it was made of the *same stuffe*; And now *Mastix* the *snuffe* of it *smoaks*, and your Obser-vation *stinks* at the *cloze*. Truly Sir, if I were dispos'd to employ my *wit*, I have a faire *opportunitie* to *sport*: No man can desire more *advantages* than you have given me in this *Chase* of your own *Chimara's*. But at this time tis not my *placet*: I will for once take you to *mercy*, but with this *sober Censure*, that your *Philosophie* is but

fanſie, and I may ſtyle your *Booke* in the language of *Heſiod*, [illegible], *Agmen Somniorum*.

Thus Sir have I pardoned your many *Sophiſtries*, but a ſingle *Bull* I cannot paſſe by: It is a *fault* I owe ſome *ſpleen* to, eſpecially when it comes from a *Maſter* of *Arts*, and a *Pedagog* in *Chriſt's College*. The *Soul* (ſay you) *is a Spirituall Subſtance without Corporeall Dimenſions, but hath an Immateriall Amplitude Dilatable, and Contractible*. Is not this a Bull *Maſtix*, or ſhall I call it a *Problem*, which ſhall be a *new name* for a *Bull* betwixt you and me, leſt I ſhould diſcover you too often? Why *Harry*! A *Subſtance* without *Dimenſions*, and yet *dilatable* and *contractible*? what is this? A thing that is *long* without *length*, and though it hath no *length*, it may be *ſhortned*? I aske thee if the *Soul* hath the ſame *bounds* or *limits* when ſhe is *dilated*, as when ſhe is *contracted*? If

the

the *same*, then *dilatation* and *contraction* are the *same*. If not the *same*, then she hath *dimensions*, for she is now *longer*, now *shorter*. But in good earnest how doest thou distinguish *Amplitude* from *Dimensions* in reference to *dilatation* and *contraction*? Doest thou speake in the same sense, as when we say *Amplissime Domine*? Well! goe thy waies, for thou art past all *sense* both of *Rhetorics* and *Physics*.

Observation 10.

YOU *are indeed very good at Similitudes*, &c. You will find me so afore I have done with you, but I will not *rayle* and *vapour*, it is no part of my *businesse*. Here you are fooling with my *Magicall Chain* by which the *Soule* descends to Generation, and gladly would you *unravell* it. Let us see then how you fall to your worke, for you speak of a *bare point*, which

will prove but a *blunt one*. You say *that three Portions of Light should fetch up two, or five one, rather than one should fetch downe three, or five, or two.* Is not this your *Bare point*? It is indeed *bare* of all *understanding*, for thou doest not consider what thou sayst: Doe *Spirits* move *upwards* or *downwards* when they apply to *Generation*? which way do they incline *Harry*, to the *body*, or from the *body*? If *to* the *body*, why should the *Soule* attract *upwards* contrary to her owne *inclination*? Thou art indeed a pure *Ignoramus*! Doest thou not know that every *Agent* acts according to the *lawes* of the *Universall Nature*, and the *end* prescribed by those *Lawes*? Now the *end* here is *Generation*, and the *inferiour Light* qualifies the *Body*, and makes it capable of the *Superior*; for *simile simili gaudet*, *Superiors* will easily agree with *Inferiors*, when they are *temper'd* and *assimilated* to them in *Complexion*.

This

This *preparation* makes the *Soule descend naturally*, as to a place *fitted* for *her*, but that she should attract her *Body* or any *part* of it *upwards*, is a thing contrary to her owne *propension*, and destructive to the Generative Lawes of Nature. Nay, it is *destructive* to the very *Nature* of the *Soule*, that she should worke contrary to her owne *Inclinations* and *Motions*: and which is more absurd, contrary to that *end*, for which the very *Magnetisme*, or *symboll* of *Principles* was Ordain'd. Thou maist as well returne to thy *Kitchin-fire*, and tell me it is the *Nature* of *fire* to *ascend*, and therefore the *Sun-beames*, and *Light* of *Heaven* should not *descend*. Thou art, my friend, a *stranger* in the *Schoole* of *Nature*, thou doest not know the mutuall *Conspiracie*, and that miraculous *League*, which is between *superiors* and *inferiors*.

Observation 13.

'*Assure thy self* Eugenius, *&c.* I doe assure my self *Mastix*, thou canst not *answer* to any *one* of them. Canst thou tell me, *why Grasse* is *green*? If not *this*, how darest thou pretend an *abilitie* to resolve those *questions* which I propos'd to thee concerning the *Rationes Seminales*, which thou hast never *seen*; nor hast thou *seen* their *Operations* in their generall spermaticall *Chaos*? Truly *Harry*, thou art so far from *knowing* them, I dare say thou canst not put *Rationes Seminales* into *English*, and give me the *true meaning* of the *notion*. Thou hast indeed taken a right course to save thy *credit*: Thy *answer* is, *thou doest think it fit to answer none of them*. Ha! ha! he! But I will now see what thy *answer* is to those *arguments*, which I urg'd to prove the *Centrall Artist*, an

an *Intelligent Artist*. Your answer *Mastix* is, that the *Centrall Artist*, which your *ignorance* falsly calls *Ratio Seminalis*, hath *no reason at all*, neither *knows he what he doth*, but *he works like the Spring of a Watch, which knows not the End of its motion, but the Artificer that made the Spring, knows it*. Ha! ha! he! If the Centrall Artist *knows not what he doth*, then he hath *no knowledge at all*; and this indeed thou doest *grant*, for (sayst thou) *he hath no Reason or animadversion in himself*. Tell me then if the *Centrall spirit* of *man* be a *Knowing spirit*, or *no?* If he *be* (and questionless he is) why should he not *know* what he *doth?* If he be no *Knowing spirit*, how comes *man* then to be a *Knowing creature?* Fie upon thee thou *Quack*! never was there in the world such an impudent, ignorant *Scribler*. As for *Plotinus*, and *Ficinus*, put *them* and thy *Watch* in thy *pocket*. It matters not

what they say, thou art such another *Platonic* thy *self*, for they follow'd *fansie* not *experience*, neither did they ever *see* the *Light* of *Nature*.

Observat. 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19.

HEre thou doest prate at my *Clavis* of *Magic*, but learne to *understand* what is *written*, and thou wilt lay thy *hand* to thy *mouth*, and speak no more. Thy next *Cavill* is, *That I bestow a wife on the God of* Israel, *and then make her an Adulteresse.* I say, That the *God* of *Israel* impregnats *nature* with his *spirit*, and who ever says the *contrary*, is a *Traytor* to the *Majestie* of *God*. As for *Adulterie*, I know not any, but *what* I found in thy *Book*. There indeed thou hast made *God* himself an *Adulterer*: nay thou hast *jested* at *him* with an impious *Sarcasm*, That *he had given Hornes to the Celestiall signs.* This is

damnable

damnable *blaſphemie*, and therefore *repent* betimes, for the *day* comes wherein he will *judge thee* for it. But thou doeſt ſo run on, I am afraid thy *conſcience* is *ſear'd*, for having firſt blaſphemed *God*, thou doeſt in the next place blaſpheme his *Creatures*. Thou doeſt call thoſe things *pittifull ſervices*, by which *God* himſelf hath *diſcover'd* and *confirm'd* his *glory*. But if they be *ſuch*, why haſt thou not anſwer'd my *arguments* to the *contrary*? The truth is, thou *couldſt not*, but thou haſt *reſolved* to be *blaſphemous*, and thy *furie* makes thee *Kick againſt the pricks*.

Obſervation 20.

NOw you ſhew how wiſe you are, &c. Here you tell me, *the ſtars cannot receive any light from the Sun, no more than this Earth can from one ſingle Star.*

Why

Why ſo *Maſtix?* becauſe the *Stars* are *neerer* to the *Sun*, than this *Earth* is to the *Stars?* Ha! ha! he! But you have another argument to *divorce* the *Sun* and the *Stars*. The *lively vibration of their Light ſhewes plainly that it is their own, not borrowed.* It *ſhewes* indeed they are at a *great diſtance* from us, for the *Scintillation* of the *fixed Stars* by all *Philoſophers* but thy ſelf, is *referr'd* to their *vaſt Removall*, but as to their *Light*, it proves *nothing*. This is all Maſter *Moore*, that you have *objected* to me, and my *Philoſophie*. The reſt of your *Booke* is a ſuppoſed *Victorious Raunt*. You are full of a *tumultuous pride*, and for want of *another* to proclame your *exploits*, you crie out your ſelf, *Loe there lyes the contagious ſpectrum of Epheſus!* Who is it, I pray you Sir, that lyes there? *Eugenius Philalethes?* Bravely perform'd

form'd Sir! You have *ſhot* your *Quill* quite *through* him;

So right your ſhaft was ſet,
The gray Gooſe wing that was thereon
In his Heart's bloud was wet.

Truſt me Sir, it is pitty you did not march at *Chevie-chaſe*, you are better skill'd at a *Gooſe-quill* than *Robin Hood*. But I have done, I will not tread upon a *worme*, it is enough that he lyes at my *feet*. One thing I ſhall tell you for a *Farewell*, and ſlight it not becauſe it comes from me:

—— *Fas eſt & ab Hoſte doceri.*

I adviſe you to keep within your *ſphere*, it is a *Madneſſe* to *cenſure thoſe things* you doe not *underſtand*: for you leave *behind* your *Reaſon*, when you goe beyond your *Appreheuſion*

Apprehension. This I think is *good Counsell*, and if you being a *Poet* like it not in *Prose*, be pleas'd to take it in our *Oxford verse*.

Tempt not your stars beyond their Light.

FINIS.

The Errata's in the First part.

pAge 24. Line 14. for *Glaſe* read *Glaſs*. p. 47. l. 6. r. ☞ ibid. l. 21. r. ϰείσθαι. ibid. l. ult. r. πνευματῶν. p. 71 l. 11. r. *Tripods*. p. 89. l. ult. for *gows* r. *growes*. p. 91. l. 14. r. δύνασαι p. 95. l. 1. r. *All the Gold to a Bloudy powder*. In the Title page r. *De Deo abſque Lumine*.

The Errata's in the ſecond part.

pAge 22. Line 2. for *blame* read *blames*. p. 23. l. 22. for *opace* r. *opake*. p. 24 l. 17. r. *as they ſpeak perhaps*, &c. p. 28. l. 1. r. *The flux of it*, &c. p. 31. l. 20. for *from* r. *for*. p. 32. l. 1. for *the* r. *this*. p. 47. l. 1. r. *dip it once more*. &c. p. 77. l. 14. r. *Superlative*. p. 76. l. 6. for *or* r. *for*.